ZEPPELIN PERIL. FREE INSURANCE. See Page 6.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XVII. No. 438 | SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1914 | ONE PENNY

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

200573

For meaning of this No. see page ii. of Cover.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If *Britain* to itself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

"ZEPPELIN" PERIL COUPON.

Name of Insured .....

Address .....

.....

1 *Age next Birthday*.....

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the United Kingdom by Enemy Aircraft, I hereby nominate first myself, or in the event of my death :—

Name .....

Address .....

.....

to receive such sum as may become payable under the terms of the Insurance Scheme set out in "JOHN BULL."

This coupon must be signed by the Insured—or, in the case of children under twelve years of age—by their parents or legal guardians, and is available for London and twelve-mile radius till 8 a.m. Wednesday, October 28th, and all other parts of the United Kingdom till 8 a.m. Thursday, October 29th.

HARRY APPLETON

The Man who Always Pays,

24, Oswald Street, Glasgow; 3, St. Thomas Street, London Bridge, S.E.

Credit Accounts opened. Daily settlements a speciality.
Not represented on any racecourse.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER ?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full *report* of all the work done.

The following correct claims have been received:—

ROBERT HUNT, 23, Riley Street, Bermondsey, S.E. October 3rd. 994,628

JOHN BROWN, 45, New Row South, New Washington, Co. Durham. October 3rd. 628,736.

JOHN NEWMAN, 46, Beccles Road, Gorleston, Great Yarmouth. October 3rd. 795,623.

CHARLES E. MARR, 75, Stratford Street, Maryhill, Glasgow. October 3rd. 121,623.

EDWARD GEORGE PAGE, Junr., 75, Tollington Park, Stroud Green, N. October 10th. 306,294.

JOHN W. SMITH, 33, Woodman Street, off Sweet Street, Holbeck, Leeds. October 10th. 208,291.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of October 17th:—

000341	227268	356324	577247	823405
021345	231673	358415	633219	836219
038537	234566	360363	672339	862705
040715	242276	394099	696753	875965
057889	251268	413726	701089	901432
063137	276629	431634	723118	946420
093644	276952	452690	745580	972663
118171	288358	462418	775190	990420
156323	327851	500753	781313	A000987
196989	341770	547116	819523	A043436

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty Numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published October 29th).

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 1d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" or "Mary Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 Coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 1d. stamp for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. October 24, 1914.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

FIRST READ THIS. If you predict the "Home" Team will win put in ink a X in the Home Column; if you predict the "Away" Team will win put a X in the Away Column. For Draws put a X in the Draw Column

John Bull ENTRANCE FORM.

Matches to be played Saturday, Oct. 31st.

HOME.	AWAY.	DRAW.	HOME TEAM.		AWAY TEAM.
			Aston Villa	v.	Newcastle U.
			Bradford	v.	Burnley
			Manchester U.	v.	Chelsea
			Bolton Wanderers	v.	Everton
			Blackburn R.	v.	W. Bromwich A.
			Notts C.	v.	Sheffield W.
			Sunderland	v.	Manchester C.
			Glossop	v.	Notts F.
			Fulham	v.	Bury
			Stockport C.	v.	Bristol C.
			Hull C.	v.	Huddersfield
			Leeds C.	v.	Grimsby T.
			Clapton O.	v.	Birmingham
			Swindon	v.	Exeter C.
			Southend U.	v.	Cardiff C.
			Queen's Park R.	v.	Brighton & H. A.
			Croydon C.	v.	West Ham U.
			Reading	v.	Plymouth A.
			Southampton	v.	Watford
			Northampton	v.	Crystal Palace

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules announced on this page and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

Signed .....

5 *Address* .....

.....

Entrance Forms must be cut, not torn out.

Read Rules Carefully.

NOTE METHOD OF MARKING COUPON.

We have adopted the following rule for marking the Entrance Form:—If you predict the Home Team will win, put a X in the Home Column; if you give the Away Team to win, put a X in the Away Column. For a Draw put a X in the Draw Column.

2. Having done this, write in ink (typewriting or pencilling will not do) your name and address in the space provided, cut out the Entrance Form, and address it to "John Bull," 63, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C., mark envelope in top left-hand corner, Football Contest, No. 5, and post to reach us not later than **Friday, October 30th.**

3. The sum of £1,000 will be paid to the Competitor whose entrance form contains the correct results, as published in the *Sporting Life*, of all the matches given played to a finish on October 31st. Should it happen that no entrance form be received giving the whole of the correct results, a cash prize of £100 will be paid to the Competitor sending in the most correct Forecasts whatever the number; and £25 to the sender of the most correct forecasts on a mauve coupon taken from *Mary Bull*. If the sender of an auve coupon should win or share the £1,000, or the £100, the *Mary Bull* prize will be awarded to the sender of the *next* most correct forecasts on a mauve coupon.

4. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort. No correspondence will be entered into, neither will interviews be granted.

5. Any effort on which any alteration has been made will be disqualified.

6. In the event of a tie or ties in this Competition, the £1000, the £100 as well as the special £25 mauve coupon Prize, will be equally divided.

7. Our employees are strictly debarred from entering this contest.

THE CLOSING DATE IS FRIDAY, OCTOBER 30th.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

The following duplicate list of the matches is printed solely for the convenience of Competitors desirous of keeping a record of their efforts. It must on no account be sent in, and will not be accepted as proof of forecasts made on the Entrance Form.

H	A	D	TEAMS.	H	A	D	TEAMS.
			Aston Villa v. Newcastle U.				Hull C. v. Huddersfield
			Bradford v. Burnley				Leeds C. v. Grimsby T.
			Manchester U. v. Chelsea				Clapton O. v. Birmingham
			Bolton W. v. Everton				Swindon T. v. Exeter C.
			Blackburn R. v. W. Brom. A				Southend U. v. Cardiff C.
			Notts C. v. Sheffield W.			•	Q. P. R. v. Brighton & H. A.
			Sunderland v. Manchester C.				Croydon C. v. West Ham U.
			Glossop v. Notts F.				Reading v. Plymouth A.
			Fulham v. Bury				Southampton v. Watford
			Stockport C. v. Bristol C.				Northampton v. Crystal P.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVII. No. 438. Week ending Saturday, October 24th. 1914. One Penny.

A WONDERFUL SHILLINGSWORTH.

THE "JOHN BULL" PORTFOLIO OF WAR CELEBRITIES.

16 SUPERB PORTRAITS, 1/- NET.
Size 8½ by 11. Mounted for Framing.

ON SALE AT ALL BOOKSTALLS.
Post Free 1/2 from JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

£10 REWARD.

Wanted, the Copy of "John Bull" for OCT. 17th, 1914, bearing on its Cover the Number 46,161.
Apply THE MANAGER "JOHN BULL," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

The Zeppelin Danger.

We are no alarmists; but it is no good shutting our eyes to the possibility of a Zeppelin raid upon our shores. As soon as the foggy, dark nights arrive, the great air fleet of the enemy may be let loose. Are we ready? In the meantime, we refer our readers to the important announcement appearing on page 6 of this issue—in connection with a free scheme of insurance against risk.

Getting On.

On Friday we are to be the "principal speaker" at a great recruiting rally at West Hartlepool; and amongst the speakers advertised to "support" us are Sir Walter Runciman, M.P., and Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P.

The Spy Peril.

Next week we shall deal fully with this subject. In the meantime, we give our readers (see pages 4 and 5) some idea of the things we know.

Our Battle Cry.

If you have not yet secured a report of the Editor's speech at the Opera House, get it at once. It is nearly "O.P."—out of print.

We Blush.

The following paragraph from a very interesting review in our contemporary *T.P.'s Weekly*, by Mr. Holbrook Jackson, of Lord Charles Beresford's recent book, has put upon our cheeks the blush that won't come off . . . "Lord Charles Beresford has won a place in the confidence of the man-in-the-street second only to that of Mr. Horatio Bottomley."

Our Eastern Ally.

We recently expressed the hope that the Japanese fleet might soon be seen in the Mediterranean. May we add to the wish that it should bring with it half a million little men just to round off the army of the Allies?

Spade Work.

When is Mr. Churchill going to begin "digging out" those Kiel Canal water rats? Up to the present, apparently, he has not even stopped up their holes, and it looks as though there were something in the famous remark of the late Lady Hawkins, after all.

That Wonderful War Album.

Have you seen it? Sixteen splendid photogravures, each worth the price of the whole, for a shilling. It is really the most remarkable production of the modern press.

The Prince's Fund.

We do not often agree with the *Daily Citizen*, but we heartily endorse its protest against the scandalous inadequacy of this Fund, and the meanness of many millionaires, who have either failed to subscribe or have limited their donations to a ridiculously small amount. We shall have more to say on the subject shortly. *Verb. sap.*

Tay—Pay—Pay!

The indefatigable and erratic "Tay Pay" is at it again—with yet another journalistic venture. This time it is *T.P.'s Journal of Great Deeds of the Great War*, and never, says our irrepressible *confrère*, "did I enter with more of my soul and my strength and my enthusiasm" on any journalistic enterprise. We seem to recall some such words at the birth of the *Sun*, *P.T.O.*, and other T.P. derelicts. But we hope Tay Pay has struck oil this time, and that there will be no necessity to repeat the second half of his popular nick-name.

Burns and Battersea.

Although our thoughts at the moment are far away from parliamentary elections and political strife—always remembering, however, to keep a keen eye open for the "Party" peril—we cannot help speculating what will be "Honest" John's chances at Battersea at the next election, for we can but think that his ambiguous attitude towards the War will have shaken the confidence of hundreds of his formerly most perfervid supporters. If he has any desire to retain a seat in the House of Commons, he should purge himself of all suspicion, show a proper detestation of the Kaiser—Emperor of Liars, Lust, and Loot—and take his stand on the non-Party, Business Platform—now proved to be the only safe policy for Great Britain, Ireland, and the Empire as a whole. And what about the other "Honest John"—Lord Morley? Cannot he help us in this time of trial?

The Zeppelin Peril! Free Insurance for our Readers. See page 6.

Unworthy of Worthing.

The Princes and Princesses of the House of Schleswig-Holstein are alien enemies of Britain—the former in the most active sense of the term. Prince Albert of that ilk is even now—unless by this time some bullet has "outed" him—fighting in the field against the Allies, and against decency and civilisation. Knowing this, as everyone of moderate knowledge must do, how comes it that the Rev. G. K. Boyd, Vicar of St. Andrew's, Worthing, persists in his invitation to Princess Marie Louise of Schleswig-Holstein to perform the opening ceremony at the new St. Andrew's Church of England Schools? What does a name like Schleswig-Holstein (or, for that matter, any other Germhun tongue-twister) convey to us at a time like the present? Battle, outrage, pillage, and sudden death—in short, "Kultur" as understanded of the Kaiser and his crew. How, then, should a Princess of the Bloody Butcher's Empire be permitted to inaugurate a school for British children, where the humanities, *not German inhumanities*, are to be taught? We say it will be a disgrace to the Rev. Mr. Boyd in particular, and to the Burgesses of Worthing in general, if the scandal be permitted to occur. Are there no British celebrities of sufficient eminence to suit Mr. Boyd's ideals? If not, let the new schools be opened without special ceremony. The scholars will be none the worse for it, we'll warrant.

A Qualified Quack.

Our readers may have noticed that, following upon our exposures, "Dr." Orlando Miller, of Spring Grove House, Isleworth, has been charged at Brentford with the manslaughter of Miss Addison Scott and committed for trial at the Middlesex Assizes. There, for the moment, we must leave the matter, merely expressing our surprise, in view of the seriousness of the charge, that the magistrates should have thought fit to admit the prisoner to bail. Meanwhile, we are anxious to know if Dr. Joseph Stenson Hooker, formerly of Duchess Street, Portland Place, W., continues to dispense skilled aid to the deluded occupants of Spring Grove House. A reference to the list of his published works suggests that Hooker, despite his academic attainments, is a bit of a crank who wants watching, and his reputation has been by no means enhanced by the company he has lately chosen to keep. We note that he is a member of the British Medical Association, whom we had always regarded as paragons of professional honour.

Peace, Troubled Isle!

Our recent references to the evergreen Irish Question have invoked torrents of mingled protest and approval from all quarters of Erin's Isle, until we are well nigh blinded with alternate flares of Orange and Green. It were discourteous wholly to ignore our readers' polite attentions, but, in truth, we have little to add to what we have already said. The "wretched little rags" continue to blare rank sedition, but we have accepted Mr. Redmond's assurance that they represent no responsible section of Irish opinion. Meanwhile, we are not prepared to recognise a monopoly of loyalty or patriotism in any sect or party, and we earnestly plead with our Irish readers to preserve a truce of God in the face of the mightiest perils that ever beset a free people. To say more at the moment would be to break the truce ourselves.

Groggy.

It is reported that the advance posts of the Servian Army have captured Grog. That is good news, but we hope they won't keep it all. Poor Tommy can do with a bit of "comfort" after a month in the trenches.

Wolverhampton's Woes.

Judging by the action of the magistrates at the special sessions for the granting and renewal of licences for music and dancing, Wolverhampton is under a degree of tyranny that would delight a Prussian bureaucrat. The proprietor of the Agricultural Hall Cinema asked for a singing licence, which the hall formerly enjoyed, and also for permission to use a brass instrument to illustrate cavalry charges, etc.; the proprietor of the Pavilion, Castle Street, merely asked for the *renewal* of his music and dancing licence; the management of the Olympic applied for an extension of their music licence to Christmas Day and Good Friday from 6 p.m. to 10, so that topical pieces like "The Mistletoe Bough" might be presented; the Picturedrome asked for a singing licence, so that the Wolverhampton Orchestral Society might use these buildings for their concerts, the proceeds of which would be given to the Prince of Wales' Fund and the local fund for the Belgians; the management of the Electric Theatre asked for permission to use a violin and reed instrument after 7 p.m. The sagacious Bench retired, considered, returned, and—rejected all the applications, thus proving themselves to be under the complete dominance of the Chief Constable, who was a strenuous opposer of each request, even going so far as to ask a representative of the Pavilion whether he was aware that a considerable number of children had stolen money to go to "the pictures at the 'Pavvy'"! We weep for Wolverhampton.

Fighting in the Air.

Long years ago, Tennyson pictured "aerial navies grappling in the central blue," and lo, it is so. Speaking for himself only, we hope, the author of "Essays of an Aviator" takes rather a queer view of it. "Fighting in the air," says he, "is perhaps the most ridiculous feature of a comic business. . . . . There is, let me add, a very personal side to these remarks; I myself have no wish to flit about with bombs and an automatic gun trying to damage fellow-aviators. I have too much respect for them. I should also regard it as distinctly unsportsmanlike if anybody flew at me with hostile intentions." It does not strike us that there is much sportsmanship in the flying business as the Germhun aviators practise it, unless dropping bombs on anything or anybody beneath them is sport. On the contrary, to chase them and bring them down to earth may well be regarded by the British aviator of appropriate nerve and spirit as the finest big game shooting in the world.

A Just Judgment.

At least one New Zealand magistrate could give some of our Great Unpaid a lesson in equity, combined with patriotism and common sense. He exercises his functions in Wellington. The firemen and greasers of the s.s. *Pakeha* were charged before him with refusing to do their duty. They did not deny the charge, but explained that their action was a protest against seven alien enemies among the crew, six Germans and an Austrian, not being discharged. The magistrate said they were justified, and the case was dismissed. We wish British sailors throughout our mercantile marine would evince the same bold and sturdy patriotism, and that our magistrates could be depended upon to show as much horse-sense as their *confrère* "down under."

He Stopped to Fight.

We note that Gunboat Smith actually fought, and was beaten on points, the other day, by Battling Levinsky, in New York. Presumably he remained in the U.S.A. to fight the match because he could not get hold of any of the money beforehand.

Free Insurance against Enemy Air Raids! See our new scheme on page 6

"The Quaker."

A few of our Quaker readers have taken exception to some verses we printed in a recent issue under the above heading, in which we dealt in a satirical vein with that section of the Society of Friends which, whilst professing principles of "peace at any price," dwells in safety and in prosperous ease behind the guns and gallantry of our Navy and Army. That these are not the principles of all Quakers we are, of course, aware. Indeed, we are given to understand that quite a number of "young Friends" have answered the call to the Colours. But this gratifying fact does not lessen the truth conveyed by our satire, which was based upon the principles pronounced by *The Friend*, a publication which occupies the authoritative position of the official organ of the Society. Hence we have nothing to apologise for nor to extenuate in any way. But we gladly use this opportunity to express our satisfaction that the body of Quakers is not, in *all* its members, devoid of the spirit of patriotic duty.

Patriots! To the Poll.

The Northampton Borough Council, ignoring the emphatic resolution of a town's meeting, have decided to retain the services of their German Tramways Manager; but, as we hinted in our last issue, the final word remains with the ratepayers. In view of the near approach of the municipal elections, the several parties in the town had consented to the unopposed return of all the retiring councillors, but this arrangement will scarcely withstand the strain of later events. It is already announced that, in at least three wards of the Borough, Councillors who have favoured the retention of Herr Gottschalk's services will be opposed by candidates more closely in touch with popular sentiment. We feel certain that the electors will express in no uncertain fashion their indignation at the action of the Council in harbouring and encouraging a man who but yesterday was an alien enemy of the King.

Fleecing our Fighters.

A sergeant in the South Lancashire Regiment complains of exorbitant charges for refreshment and tobacco on board the s.s. *Lake Michigan*, recently engaged in the transport of British troops to France. "As this ship did not have a canteen," explains our informant, "these people knew full well they could get what price they asked." Fourpence for a packet of Woodbines, fivepence for a bottle of lemonade, and a penny for a box of safety matches, are mentioned as samples of the extortion practised. If the owners of the vessel were responsible for this inexcusable state of affairs, the War Office authorities should find a ready means of bringing them to book and preventing a repetition of the scandal. Meanwhile, we share our correspondent's contempt for "Englishmen trying to squeeze hard-earned coppers from Tommy on his way to fight their battles for them."

Remount Ramps.

In connection with the Norfolk remount scandals, for the exposure of which we may claim a measure of credit, three men have at length been arrested and committed for trial at the Norwich Assizes. In these circumstances we are debarred from further comment upon the affair, but we would respectfully suggest to the Public Prosecutor that he should not relax his vigilance until the rest of the alleged culprits are laid by the heels. The prosecution of a horse slaughterer and a couple of small dealers may be a perfectly proper proceeding, but if complete justice is to be done, the authorities must look for bigger game. If they don't know which covers to beat, we will gladly lend them a hand. At all costs, this wretched abuse must be stamped out.

A Rummy Rumpus.

In his wisdom as an old campaigner, Lord Kitchener has arranged that our soldiers, fated to winter in the trenches, shall enjoy rations of rum, distributed at the discretion of their officers. It was not to be expected that this sane and considerate departure would escape the criticism of the pumpuritan mugwumps, and we are by no means surprised to learn that the orders of the War Secretary have incurred the august and saintly censure of the United Kingdom Alliance, under the presidency of Mr. Leif Jones, M.P. Mr. Jones "regretted that the Government were sending strong spirits to the Army in France," and plainly intimated that, had he been responsible for the conduct of the war instead of Lord Kitchener, Tommy would have gone without his rum. We wish Mr. Leif Jones no earthly harm—he is, at heart, a very decent fellow—but we should like to hear his views restated after twenty-four hours or so in sodden trenches, with the temperature somewhere around zero. Surely he has the sense to see that the medicinal application of alcohol is all that is contemplated by the War Office instructions.

Post Office Brigandage.

We have already registered our strong view of the ungenerous way in which the Post Office authorities are treating our troops at the front in the matter of postage. It is a sort of brigandage, or worse; not only "Your money or your life," but "Your money *and* your life." Take the case of a Coldstreamer. "I think it is a crying shame," says he, "that my wife should be charged 6d. postage on such a paltry article as six envelopes and a similar number of sheets of notepaper." So do we, even if they *were*—as to which we are not informed—in one of those pretty boxes adorned with blue tie-ups. Why can't the Post Office burn its stock of red tap, and order in no more for the period of the War? Why can't it come into line with other people in the land who are making sacrifices? It is not the big things that count for everything in life. The little things count too. To be mean towards Tommy in small official concessions to his folk at home disgusts him.

What a Fall!

A man who claims, however mendaciously, to be the heavy-weight boxing champion of the world, should have some sense of dignity, and it is distressing to see our old friend, Jack Johnson, fined forty shillings at Bow Street for "obstructing the pavement" like any common loafer. With well-feigned simplicity, the nigger explained to Mr. Hopkins that he "could not prevent the people looking at him," but the magistrate was not to be caught with this kind of chaff. In the judgment of the Bench, Johnson had been "swaggering with a motor-car in order to collect a crowd," and nobody acquainted with the eccentricities of the "champion" will have much doubt as to the correctness of this inference. The fact is that, unless this dusky warrior can find some means of checking his inordinate cranial development, he will get himself in serious trouble.

A "Shrewd" Explanation.

As the Rev. Professor Pope, of the Yorkshire United Independent College, has been a prisoner in Germhuny for seven weeks, he knows by experience the bitter hatred felt in that country towards the British people. His address in a Bradford chapel the other Sunday was most impressive. One point is worth special notice. "The shrewd explanation why the German Fleet had not yet fought a great battle," he said, "was that the armies expected to conquer France, compel her to cede her Navy, and then to attack the British Fleet." Really, the explanation would not deceive anybody except a Germhun who wished to deceive himself; but as an example of self-delusion it is superb.

A wise precaution! Insure against Air Raids. Our Free Insurance Coupon is on page

THE GREAT SPY PERIL.

TIME TO SPEAK OUT—PRO-GERMAN SYMPATHY IN HIGH PLACES—A MINISTER OF THE CROWN IMPEACHED.

When Mr. McKenna officially assured us that the German spy peril was ended, we took leave to smile. To-day we are disposed to frown. The evil remains rampant. There are spies everywhere. Sitting in a cinema show the other evening we heard a couple of Teutons jibing at our patriotic songs and pictures. A few days ago, a young German servant, retained in employment over here, was, in our hearing, openly gloating over the sinking of the *Hawke*; at a West London hotel function last week the German waiters, still there in considerable number, were kept out of sight; German chauffeurs are driving Cabinet Ministers about, and obtaining access to our dockyards and arsenals; German valets are waiting upon members of the Government, reading their correspondence and overhearing their conversation. And so we could continue.

Let it be understood that we speak of the spy *peril*—that is to say, of the danger which must arise from the condition of things existing in this country, and which will exist so long as German-born individuals—*whether naturalised or not*—are permitted to roam at large in the land. There are many aspects of the question—the political, of course, being the first; and the industrial, or economic, the second. From the latter point of view, our own workers are entitled to complain that they are kept out of employment whilst aliens are taking the bread from their mouths; but grave as that phase of the subject may be, the main, paramount consideration to-day is to see that the *menace* is ended. Our contemporary, the *Evening News*, is doing splendid work in clearing the hotels, and we hope its efforts will relieve us of the necessity to take action in that direction. For, Heaven knows! there is plenty to do otherwise. Up to the present, considerations of loyalty to the Government have sealed our lips in regard to many matters of the gravest moment to the nation and the Empire. We have acquiesced in its requests, and have received its thanks; but the time has come when we must speak out. We have given Ministers every chance. And if we now proceed to lift the veil, it is solely with the object of arousing public opinion to a true sense of the situation. That is the only way to get things right. Therefore, next week we shall speak plainly—telling of some of the things we know, and, in accordance with our habit, endeavouring to point the remedy—the remedy which, to be effective, must be sharp and drastic. How urgent the need is will be better understood when we have told our story. But to-day, after much consideration, we have decided to give the public a foretaste of the kind of information in our possession. What will be said when we allege, and prove, that members of the Government itself are knowingly harbouring men who, if not at the moment actually German spies, are, at any rate, open to the gravest suspicion? But that is not all. What will be thought when we show that a tried and trusted British servant, who, as the result of her own observation, had warned her employer of the danger in his household, was summarily dismissed for her "anti-German" sentiments? Well, we will make that story our text this week. Here it is.

A Minister Impeached.

On the Treasury Bench, in the House of Commons, sits Mr. Henry Webb, Member for the Forest of Dean. How he got there so soon after succeeding the late Sir Charles Dilke in the representation of the constituency—and, for that matter, how he got *there* at all—always puzzled the mind of the ordinary politician; but to those of us who know the Party game, and who also know that Mr. Webb is a wealthy coal owner from Wales, the matter was simple. We remember well the day he took his place on the Ministerial bench, and we remember, equally well, some of the observations which flew about below the gangway! But let that pass. Mr. Webb has a town residence at No. 2, Seymour Street, and a country one at Castleton, Cardiff. For the past five years he has had in his employ as butler-valet a German named Karl Kritzer, whose wife acts as maid to Mrs. Webb. And until the war broke out, the establishment also comprised as cook-housekeeper a Mrs. Stacey, now living in Brixton; and, as scullery-maid, Mabel Eacott. But neither Mrs. Stacey nor Eacott is any longer there. Karl Kritzer, however, remains. And this is how it has come about. Perhaps we had better let Mrs. Stacey tell us. Here is her statement:—

For 3½ years I was cook to Mrs. Hy. Webb, wife of the M.P. for the Forest of Dean. I was discharged three days after the war. The circumstances which led up to my being discharged were as follows:—Mrs. Webb has in her employ a German and his wife by the name of Kritzer. Kritzer has been in Mr. Webb's employ for about five years as butler-valet, and Mrs. Kritzer as maid for about four years. Kritzer was always an objectionable person. About the third day after the war I saw him cleaning a revolver in the pantry. I did not say anything to him, but I mentioned the fact to the chauffeur. The chauffeur seemingly told Mr. Webb, who apparently told Mrs. Webb. Mrs. Webb said to me, "What about that revolver?" I said, "Don't you know that Karl has a revolver?" I told Mrs. Webb that I did not think he had a licence. Mrs. Webb said that Karl did not need to have a licence for a revolver. She also said, "And why should he not have a revolver? I can see you do not like the Germans, and you had better leave." I replied that I thought it was a disgraceful thing that I should be discharged on account of my patriotism. (I believe that Karl was naturalised immediately after Mr. Webb was returned for the Forest of Dean.) But we

always regarded him with suspicion—especially when, a few weeks before the war broke out, he was suddenly called over to Germany, "as his father was not well." I heard nothing more about the matter for a few days—until I received the following letter from Mrs. Webb :—

Llwynarthan,
Castleton,
Cardiff.

TELEGRAMS: ST. MELLONS, CARDIFF.
STATION: MARSHFIELD, G.W.R.
TELEPHONE: 11 ST. MELLONS.

August 21.

Dear Mrs. Stacey—We believe we shall let 2, Seymour Street. I do not know which day yet. I have told the agent that I have a cook in the house as caretaker, and that if the lady wants a cook, perhaps you and she can arrange for her to take you on as cook. If she already has a cook, you will be obliged to go home, and then, I think, that it would be as well if I gave you a month's notice. I feel quite sure there will be no difficulty in getting another situation, as so many people who would otherwise travel will be staying in London and other parts of England. I know that the hotels are packed. I am sorry you are so anti-German, as you suited me so well; but, as you can see for yourself, it is impossible for you to come down here again.

Yours truly,
NELLIE WEBB.

Mabel can come down here.

And Mr. Webb is a Junior Lord of the Treasury—and a Government Whip!

That the "anti-German" sentiment of the loyal and patriotic cook-housekeeper was her only offence is proved by the terms of the letter itself. But that there can be no doubt on the point, we have before us a reference, dated August 26th, in which Mrs. Webb describes her as "a most excellent cook and most industrious," and says, "I have the greatest satisfaction in recommending her to anyone who requires a really high class cook." There is, however, an extremely *naive* sentence, in which Mrs. Stacey is described as being "capable of adapting herself to what is required of her in every way." Mrs. Webb had evidently forgotten that her faithful and competent housekeeper had proved incapable of adapting herself to the character of a traitor to her King and country.

We have also interviewed the scullery-maid, who has signed the following statement.—

I was scullery-maid in the employ of Mrs. Webb. I was there for a period of four months. About three weeks after the war I was discharged by Mrs. Webb. Mrs. Webb told me that my wages were a man's wages. Mrs. Webb wanted to cut them down £4 a year, to which, of course, I would not consent. Therefore I left. I know that Karl had a revolver, and I know that he was cleaning a revolver in the pantry on several occasions.

Now what is to be said of a case of this kind? What says Mr. Asquith about it? Will he be prepared to sit side by side with a colleague whose most intimate personal servant is of the Kaiser's blood, and whose wife can find it in her heart to discharge her faithful housekeeper because she calls attention to circumstances which would naturally attract the attention and the suspicion of any patriotic British subject?

Begin at the Top.

As we have said, we shall next week deal with the whole subject of this German Spy Peril. And we shall not mince our words. Clearing English hotels of German waiters is all very well, so far as it goes; and the same remark applies to German barbers—not one of whom should we care to entrust with a razor in his hand if we were being shaved. We, however, shall begin higher up. As long ago as in our issue of December 23rd, 1911, we asked, "Should a German 'boss' our Navy—Bulldog breed or Dachshund?" In that article, whilst giving Prince Louis of Battenberg credit for every desire to serve our Navy loyally, we ventured to say that it was "a crime against our Empire to trust our secrets of National Defence" to any alien-born official. And we added "it is a heavy strain to put upon any German to make him a ruler of our Navy and give him the key to our Defences"; and, finally, we said that "the time had arrived when only true British subjects should be placed in control of the King's Navy." These sentiments we shall reiterate. Blood is said to be thicker than water; and we doubt whether all the water in the North Sea could obliterate the blood-ties between the Battenbergs and the Hohenzollerns when it comes to a question of a life and death struggle between Germany and ourselves. We shall further repeat our demand that Prince Louis of Battenberg be relieved of his present position as First Sea Lord, and that some British sailor should take his place. In this connection we may be permitted respectfully to ask, what is the matter with Lord Charles Beresford?

German Pensioners.

We shall also protest against the continuance of the payment of pensions to Princes and Princesses of German origin, some of whose relatives—and in some cases, some of whose sons—are at this moment fighting against us. The Civil List must be revised; and in every case where it can be shown that a member of any family now receiving pensions from the British Exchequer has carried arms against us, the pension must be cancelled once and for all.

This is a delicate matter, we know; but these are not the times for standing on ceremony. There must be *no* exception to the rule. We have something better to do with our money than to keep in luxury the Kaiser's relatives and fellow Teutons. The scandal has gone on long enough. In future, our Royal House, too, in its alliances, must be "all-British."

Ministers and Their Servants.

We shall also appeal to other Members of the Ministry, who at present are retaining in their employment servants of German birth, to put aside all considerations of sentiment—however faithfully, as they imagine, they have been served in the past—and clear them out. Some further remarkable information on this subject has come to our knowledge, and, if necessary, we shall not hesitate to give it publicity. It is monstrous that, in a crisis like the present, those who are responsible for the government of the country and the safety of the Empire should be harbouring in their households men of German blood and *necessarily* of German sentiments.

We will not, however, further anticipate next week's article. For the moment, we have said enough to convince our readers of the gravity of the Spy Peril.

THE ZEPPELIN PERIL.

FREE INSURANCE AGAINST BOMBS.

As stated elsewhere, we regard Zeppelin raids as a danger which must be taken into account, and that, although it will doubtless be much exaggerated as the dark winter nights come on, we must leave nothing undone in the way of preparation.

In these circumstances, it behoves every British citizen to be on his guard. We fear that our present precautions in the way of searchlights and lowered and darkened lamps will be of small avail; and we must face the possibility of grave danger not only to our Cathedrals and public buildings, but to life. AGAINST SUCH RISK THE ORDINARY LIFE OR ACCIDENT POLICY DOES NOT PROVIDE ANY INSURANCE.

We have, therefore, determined to afford our readers an oppotunity, free of expense, of insuring themselves against risk of either injury or death caused by the aircraft of the enemy. All they have to do is to carry with them the coupon which will be found on page 2 of our cover—AFTER SIGNING IT, WITH NAME AND ADDRESS; *and renewing the coupon every week, so that they always have the current week's coupon upon them. Thus, this week's coupon holds good, in London and twelve miles round, until 8 a.m. on Wednesday, October 28th; and in other parts of the United Kingdom until 8 a.m. on Thursday, October 29th—the difference in dates being explained by the fact that* JOHN BULL *is published in the London district on Wednesday, and elsewhere on Thursday.*

To every person of sixteen years of age and upwards, injured on land by the enemy's aircraft within the United Kingdom, and found in possession at the time of the injury of the coupon cut from page 2 of the cover of this issue, duly filled up as directed, or of such coupon from any subsequent issue, during the period therein stated, we will pay, to either such person or to the person named therein:—

In the event of death within 30 days	£500
In the event of injury permanently preventing such person from carrying on his or her usual occupation	£250
In the event of partial disablement ..	£100
For minor injury	£50
As regards persons under the age of 16 and over the age of 12 :—	
In the event of death, the sum of ..	£250
In the event of total disablement ..	£100
In the event of partial disablement ..	£50
In any other case	£25
In the case of children under twelve :—	
In the event of death, the sum of ..	£100
In the event of injury, involving the loss of any organ or limb	£50
In the event of any other injury ..	£10

We shall not trouble ourselves about any question of "legal representative" or "next of kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the person named on the coupon, *and to no one else.*

Claims must be received by us within seven days of the occurrence, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor—whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim, however, can be entertained in respect of the victim of any one catastrophe.

"PATRIOTIC" PARASITES.

A PLEA FOR JUSTICE ALL ROUND.

In one suburban district with which we are acquainted it has been sought to fasten upon the local Committee of the Prince of Wales' Fund the usual gang of official parasites forever buzzing round patriotic schemes. We are glad to say that the attempt failed. It is obvious that a cash box filled with three or four million golden sovereigns for philanthropic distribution offers a fine chance for official grab.

How many greedy hands are in it already we do not know, but one hears on all sides too many croakers speaking from experience of other funds, and no actual knowledge of the working of this one, not to feel that the central adminstration would do well to inform the public to what extent it is in the hands of men voluntarily sacrificing time, ability, and zeal to their work, and to what extent it is in the hands of men of the other description. Not the smallest excuse should be available in any direction for refusal to contribute to a fund which, managed in the light of the motives of its subscribers, is and will be of incalculable mercy and comfort to thousands of stricken homes. Every possible shilling should be saved from paid officialdom, for every shilling saved is a shilling available for the impoverished, that it may help "to comfort and relieve them according to their several necessities, giving them patience under their sufferings and a happy issue out of all their afflictions."

And while we are writing in this strain, let us say we are still in doubt whether local Committees in every case are acting in the sense of the letter of Mr. Lloyd George to that public-spirited citizen Councillor Richard Williamson, J.P., of Callender. With him we pleaded for the unmarried wife, and children whose breadwinner has gone to the front, that they should be treated as justly and generously as those bound in union by legal form; and the Central Administration of the Fund have resolved that this should be done. Has that resolution been forwarded as an instruction to *all* local Committees? We have a strong, unwavering confidence in the sense of natural justice and national gratitude, moving and guiding the majority of those upon whom the local distribution of relief depends. Not less are we conscious of the fact that in some cases the constitution of the local Committees gives a pull to that sort of priestcraft which does not scruple to urge the "deadly sin" of unmarried consorts as a weapon of heavenly chastisement in the hours of their greatest sacrifice and their bitterest need. Heroism and agony and sacrifice, blood and tears, are going to blot out many deadly sins in this war, by the mercy and justice of God—and those who have the administration of the Prince of Wales' Fund have no right to be less merciful and less just at our human Bar of Judgment than He. Many unmarried wives are suffering in silence rather than reveal a secret known to themselves and their Maker alone. We trust that no member of a local Committee will seek to drag with rough hand the skeleton from the breadless cupboard. That women and children are in need—in God's name, let that be the one test of their right to a share of the splendid fund subscribed for those distressed by the war. Every member of a local Committee should realise that his is a solemn trust, not to be fulfilled in the spirit of a religious bigot, or a Party wirepuller, or a backstair nepotist.

TOMMY'S TEUTONIC TRADE.

BERLIN'S BUTTON-BRIGHTENER FOR BRITAIN'S BOYS.

Following the astounding revelations which we published last week regarding the serving out to British soldiers of razors "made in Germany," comes information that our troops are—quite unsuspectingly, of course—using a preparation called Pyn-ka for polishing their buttons, badges, etc. The proprietors of this stuff, it is stated on the wrapper, are King, Sons and Co., 18, Old King Street, Bristol; but below their emphatically British name and address appear the words "Made at Factory, Berlin-Lichtenberg." Tommy will, no doubt, after his eyes have been opened by this paragraph, use British polish until he has finally polished off his enemies.

Insure yourself against Zeppelin Raids! See our Free Insurance Scheme on this page.

TAINTED GIFTS.

BRADLEY'S BOAST—A GENERAL ELECTRIC SHOCK.

Acting upon "information received" in the early weeks of the war, we have made extensive inquiries among well-known firms as to any emergency arrangements affecting their staff which they had deemed it necessary to make. In glancing over the replies to our inquiries we find that, in several instances, they are more or less inconsistent with information received by us from other credible sources. In these cases we suspend judgment, having no desire to anticipate the results of fuller investigation. In one instance, however, the virtuous professions of a West End firm have been arrogantly flaunted in the advertisement columns of several prominent journals, and it therefore becomes our immediate duty to test the truth of their assertions. The firm in question is Messrs. Bradleys, Ltd., of Chepstow Place, London, W., who proclaimed:—

> From the commencement of the war we have paid, and intend to continue paying, full salaries to every fitter, showroom assistant and clerk, and full rates of wages to our entire workroom staff.

This statement is categorical and admits of but one construction. Against it we propose to set the terms of this letter, now in our possession, dated August 7th, 1914, and addressed by the same firm to a lady assistant:—

> The nature of this business is such that war must very seriously affect the amount of trade done, and there will not be sufficient work for more than a very small proportion of the showroom, clerical and fitting staff. The firm, however, are most anxious to avoid discharging a number of people.

After a little more of this pious preamble, the crux of the matter is reached:—

> They have, therefore, decided on a reduction of salary all round, with certain exceptions. For the showroom and fitting staff the reduction will be to half salary, and for the clerical, stockroom, and housekeeping staff to two-thirds salary.

This letter notifies an intention in flat contradiction of the advertisement we have quoted, and we invite Messrs. Bradley, in justice to their customers and staff, to explain.

Peculiar interest attaches to the conduct of ostentatious subscribers to the various Relief Funds. Prominent among these is the General Electric Company, Limited, of Queen Victoria Street, E.C., a firm whose "all British" character has been lately the subject of extensive public advertisement. In the course of a lengthy reply to our queries, the Secretary of this concern wrote:—

> We are not aware that we have made any ostentatious contributions to the various National Funds for purposes of advertisement. On the contrary, in order to avoid any insinuations to this effect, we have made a number of contributions in the names of individual Directors, and the various subsidiary and allied companies of the General Electric Company.

Having perhaps allowed candour to outrun discretion, the Secretary returned to the matter, a day later, with the following explanatory note:—

> I would like to make it clear that these contributions were made by the Directors out of their personal and private funds, and not out of the Company's funds, which, I fear, was the impression the wording of my letter may have conveyed to your mind.

We share the writer's anxiety lest a false impression should be created, and we feel sure that the firm will welcome our assistance towards placing the matter in a still clearer light. In a circular to the Staff announcing all-round reductions of salary the Assistant Secretary of the Company recently wrote:—

> In view of the sacrifice made by the shareholders, workpeople, and those who have already enlisted, the Directors consider it only just that the Staff and they themselves should bear their share. *It is proposed that at least one quarter of the economy thus effected should be used in strengthening the Public Funds for the alleviation of the distress caused by the War.*

The italics are ours. The controllers of the Relief Funds are thus forewarned that some of the subscriptio s from the Company are the proceeds of "economy" effected at the expense of their workpeople. In the name of common honesty, such tainted contributions should be instantly declined without thanks.

THE MERLIN OF MERTON.

SNELL'S GET-RICH-QUICK SCHEMES.

Mr. Henry Snell, of 3, Park Road, Collier's Wood, Merton, S.W., claims to be a "Business Expert, Adviser and Investigator," and offers to supply to all and sundry "legitimate money-making IDEAS" (capitals, please). The ideas which he has suggested to a reader have embraced a method of teaching Umbrine-painting, for which £25 capital would be required; the disclosure of secrets appertaining to the manufacture and sale of "Mayblush," a toilet preparation, which would require £50; for the manufacture of a "very fine Worcester sauce" to cost 1s. 4½d. per gallon, "with an ingenious method of finding a market at 5s. 6d. a gallon," these necessitating an outlay of £80—besides "a scheme in journalism of the most profitable character," requiring a capital of £400. Even these do not exhaust his inventiveness, for he still has two systems, one for teaching, by correspondence china-painting and the other glass-painting, each calling for £50 and both worked by him between 20 and 25 years ago, when, he states, they brought him in "thousands of pounds." The final idea which he outlines is "the extraction of gold from auriferous rivers," which, he remarks, "has possibilities of a most profitable character, for it is quite distinct from my inventions in extracting gold from sea-water, which are now the property of a company of which I am a director." The sentence we quote is not happily phrased, for it suggests that the profitable character of the gold-extracting process from auriferous rivers has possibilities owing to its dissimilarity to his gold-extracting process from sea-water, which is now being worked by the company, about whose success—or otherwise—Mr. Snell is eloquently silent. The cost of adopting his gold-extraction process from auriferous rivers, he says, would run to a mere trifle of £50,000 and, we presume, would also require that an auriferous river be discovered on which to let it loose. All these ideas seem crude in design and barren of prospects, except in regard to the parting with considerable sums of money. A fly-leaf, giving a portrait of Mr. Snell, is signed "Yours very faithfully, Henry James Snell," and we doubt not that he has every faith in persuading some people to adopt one or other of his ideas. But we fear it is frequently misplaced. We note also that he claims to be the "inventor of five processes for extracting gold from sea-water." Would he consider us very frivolous if we suggested that he may also claim to be the inventor of another super-scheme in the gold-extraction line?

HER BOY!

CHARITY'S SWEET REWARD.

A Scotch lad, the only son and support of a widow, answered the country's call on the first appeal. He was a child in matters military, and as he was informed his mother would receive assistance from the Government he went into camp with a light heart. Weeks passed, however, and the letters he received from home made him so sad that he wrote us upon the matter. We at once sent the old lady a couple of sovereigns and put her on the right path for obtaining a little weekly allowance until such time as her brave lad returns to her—which we hope he may do, in safety. He now writes us the following very human letter:—

> I am in receipt of a letter from my dear mother telling me of the handsome sum of money you sent her. I thank you, Sir, as she was my only thought; she is partly an invalid, but a clever and a good mother. I will never forget your kindness. It has made a new man of me to-day. I have sent her 6s. out of my 7s., and that will go a long way. Thanking you again.

What a pleasure to have a lad of this type! And what a mother she must be! We shall keep an eye upon her, and her boy can go with a good heart to fight the foe.

ANOTHER £10 PAID.

The £10 reward offered for the copy of John Bull dated October 10th, and bearing the number 291,620, has been paid to Mr. H. Smith, of 103, Warbeck Road, Blackpool, who has forwarded us the specified issue.

Your policy does not insure you against Zeppelins. Our *Free* Insurance Scheme *will*. See page 6.

MAROONED DEPOSITS.

CRUISING COMPANY'S CANCELLED CONTRACTS.

We have received a number of complaints regarding the action of certain Tourist Agencies, whose business has, of course, been severely deranged by the war. In the early summer, a North London reader, in common with many other persons, arranged with the Polytechnic Touring Association for a cruise around the coasts of Norway in the s.s. *Viking*, owned by the Viking Cruising Company, with whom, apparently, the Polytechnic Association were in contract. The vessel was to have left England on August 8th, but, shortly before that date, the following letter was addressed to prospective passengers, not by the Association with whom they had booked their berth, but by the Secretary of the Cruising Company:—

> I am instructed by my Directors to inform you that, owing to the outbreak of the war, they have been compelled to cancel the cruises due to leave on August 8th and August 22nd. Arrangements will be made in due course to refund the amount paid by you. Will you kindly return all tickets to us?

This communication, of course, occasioned no surprise. Unfortunately, however, the repayment hung fire, and, ultimately, our correspondent became somewhat uneasy. He had arranged for the Norway trip on the advice of his doctor, and, in the meanwhile, had been compelled to take other steps for the recuperation of his health. Ignoring the Cruising Company, with whom he had had no previous dealings, he addressed a courteous letter to the Secretary of the Polytechnic Association, earnestly requesting an early settlement of his claim. In reply he received this remarkable letter:—

> Your letter to hand with reference to August 8th cruise and will be attended to at the earliest possible moment. I would, however, remind you that a moratorium has been declared which has delayed matters somewhat, but you can rely upon us dealing with the matter without unnecessary delay.

A firm of the standing of the Polytechnic Association would scarcely plead the moratorium as an excuse for the retention of deposits upon cancelled voyages, and we are therefore bound to seek some other clue to their meaning. Were they an ordinary trading firm, it might be supposed that they had had some difficulty in collecting their debts, and were thus hindered from meeting their obligations; but, having regard to the nature of their business and their uniform insistence upon payment in advance, there is little warrant for any such assumption. Unhappily, their further letters to our correspondent served rather to confuse than to clarify the issue. Their statement that "the larger the firm, the more heavily does the moratorium affect it," was by no means convincing, while their plea that, owing to the action of their bankers, their balance on current account had become "practically no use," was, to be frank, scarcely credible. In any case, these suggestions of pecuniary embarrassment were wholly beside the point. The money paid by our correspondent was in the nature of a deposit, and was received by the Association in respect of a consideration which had wholly failed. Later, our friend was amazed to receive the following further communication, which entirely altered the complexion of the affair:—

> Since my last communication, questions have been raised as to our position with regard to the *Viking* Cruising Company, Ltd. We have, of course, acted, as stated in our conditions and programme, as agents for that Company, and are responsible to them, as principals, for any moneys paid through us. Under these circumstances, it will be necessary for you to apply to the *Viking* Cruising Company direct.

The Touring Association, entrenched behind "agency" clauses of somewhat doubtful validity, have, therefore, apparently washed their hands of the whole matter. To make things worse, the Cruising Company now plead for the forbearance of their clients on the ground that "unless they are given sufficient time, it may not be possible for the Directors to meet their liabilities in full." In these serious circumstances, we again insist that the deposit claimants have rights which are distinct from those of ordinary creditors, and should enjoy prior regard. We sympathise with the difficulties of the *Viking* Company, but they have no right to amend their position by retaining payments for a trip that was never run.

THE PLAY'S *NOT* THE THING.

A PRETTY PLOT BY A PITCHY PLAYWRIGHT.

London housewives have lately received a mysterious letter from a Mr. Henry F. Downing, of 19, Buckingham Street, Strand, describing himself as "playwright and novelist." The missive runs:—

> A few days ago, requiring the services of a lady, I advertised for one and, to my surprise, received over four hundred (400) replies. I saw many of the applicants and discovered that an important number were mothers of helpless children, while others were daughters with aged, dependent parents. Nearly all were in extreme need because of the sad conditions created by the war. They were of the class charitable organisations rarely find, and therefore seldom assist. Their great desire is to be self-supporters. I am now endeavouring to enable these WILLING WORKERS to earn sufficient to support themselves and their dependents. I am confident that you are not unconcerned for your sisters less fortunate than yourself, and, therefore, will approve of my effort; anyhow, you will receive and talk with one of these ladies whom I am venturing to send to your home. She will *not* appeal to you for charity, but will hand you a complimentary copy of an amusing play which I respectfully request you to accept.

Mr. Downing, when interviewed, was found to be a negro of very striking appearance, having remarkably long white frizzy hair. In his office a girl was addressing envelopes from a local directory—if the source of her supplies is to be exhausted she will be busy for months, as of these useful volumes there were some dozens in the room. As we surmised, the real object of the call of the out-of-works turned out to be, not to bestow the copy of the "amusing play," but to offer something for sale—namely, handkerchiefs. It is naturally relieving to have Mr. Downing's description of the gift—and surely he should know!—as otherwise it might be thought that a perusal of the work was intended to create a demand for delicate *mouchoirs*. In any event, however, we think we may confidently rely that Mr. Downing has seen that the piece has an ingenious plot. He spoke in moving terms of the sufferings of his *protegées*, and we do not doubt that the war has caused much unexpected distress to innocent, and hitherto comfortably circumstanced, people; but we do not think that the method which Mr. Downing has adopted is calculated to preserve the self-respect of the class he professes a desire to benefit. Nor do we like the candid confession he made—that, although he is mainly actuated by pity for the poor creatures, he certainly expects, besides recouping his out-of-pocket expenses, to "make a little" out of it. By the way, the words "The Players' Association" are painted on the door of Downing's office, though the telephone number appearing on his letter paper is that of the Emerson Club—the use of the name of the "spiritual philosopher" in this connection being somewhat incongruous.

A TOUCHING TRIBUTE.

WE RE-UNITE PARENTS AND ONLY SON.

Our readers will doubtless have observed that from time to time we publish in our "Letter Bag" pages "personal" appeals. These are inserted free of charge, and often have behind them very touching stories—as this channel of communication is, of course, restricted to very exceptional cases. We are pleased to be able to say that the result of these appeals is often of a highly beneficial character—as the following letter shows:—

> My wife and myself desire to express our heartfelt thanks to you for your ready response to our request that you would find a means of our getting in touch with our only son, who had left home, and of whom we could find no trace. You inserted a "Letter Bag" paragraph—"Only Son (late of Hove)," etc., in your issue of October 3rd, and this was seen by him 450 miles away, and had the desired effect, with the result that, after an absence of exactly three weeks, he is again with us. In fairness to you and your influential paper, we are therefore naturally making it known that "JOHN BULL got him back." Again thanking you, and wishing your journal every success.

We are very glad to have brought about the happy re-union, and are naturally gratified at such tributes to the power of this journal.

If the Zeppelins come!—Well, see our Free Insurance Scheme, page 6.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."

From Wales the German teachers
Have got the hint to go,
For Taffy wants as preachers
No Pan-Germanic foe.

To carp at Churchhill's action
In sending the marines
To Antwerp, looks like faction,
And "party" bias screens.

Despite McKenna's statement
Of German spy and plot,
There must be no abatement
Of stamping out the lot.

Some legal big-wigs tell us
Ice cream perhaps is meat:
It's not the sort to sell us
For energy and heat.

A renegade detested,
A traitor to the State,
Marits, of sword divested,
Must meet a traitor's fate.

Said Kitchener to the laddie,
"You must grow as big as me,
And then, just like your daddy,
A soldier you will be."

"BY ANY OTHER NAME?"

GERMAN "SOUP SQUARE" FIRM IN A STEW.

In our issue of October 10th, we drew attention to a circular issued to their retail customers by Messrs. Gordon McDonald and Co., of 13, Northumberland Alley, London, E.C., in which, admitting that a prejudice might be felt against Knorr's Soup Squares (whereof they are the purveyors) on account of the German origin of that comestible, they proposed to supply "'McDonald' labels for the purpose of labelling." Naturally enough, we concluded that it was the intention to *re-label* the soup squares with Messrs. McDonald's name in such a manner as to conceal their Teutonic origin, and thus lead purchasers to suppose that the goods were of British make. We must confess that a letter we have received from the firm has not altogether unconvinced us on the point. They say: "Knowing the prejudice which would exist against a German name, we thought it only fair to offer to supply our customers with a label which would enable them properly to sell the soup under another name and thus save themselves from loss." Exactly. That is our own contention. It may have seemed "only fair" to Messrs. McDonald's to try to save their retail customers from loss, but is it fair to the consumers to lead them to believe that when partaking of German soup they are gustating an article of British manufacture? For the life of us we cannot see that Knorr's German Soup Squares can "properly" be sold under another name. Still, we have given Messrs. McDonald's own explanation.

THE CHILD AND THE WAR.

I saw my daddy the other day,
Dressed as if he was going away;
He's a big, fine man, as ev'ryone knows,
And he looked so grand in his soldier clothes.

He bounced me up in his arms for fun,
And he let me look at his real gun,
And he showed me his sword so bright and fine;
Oh, nobody's got a daddy like mine!

He told me I must be a good boy,
To comfort mother, and be her joy;
He laughed when I told him I would try,
And then he kissed mother and said Good-bye.

* * * * *

I saw my daddy again last night,
All in a dream when the moon was bright,
And I called to him in a sudden fright,
For I saw his face was cold and white.

I tried to kiss him, but someone said,
"Take him away; his daddy is dead."
O, mother, I'm going to be good to you,
But tell me, oh, tell me, it is not true!

RICHARD MORTON.

The Zeppelin Peril! Free Insurance for our Readers. See page 6.

THE WAKING OF THE MIDDLE-CLASSES.

By Arnold White.

[The following striking and informative article, by the writer, who, as "Vanoc" of the "Referee," has done so much to strengthen the popular demand for a strong Navy, is the third of a series which we are publishing weekly, each by a well-known writer.]

War, like business, is a jealous mistress. Business men do not form partnerships, buy plant and machinery, or engage a staff until they have learned how to run a business. So little is the business of war understood by this maritime nation that the "War Office" is the name given to the land-fighting department, though no land fighting can begin until the War Office of the sea has done its work. Unbusinesslike confusion of ideas on the subject of the business of war has already produced heavy losses to the business community.

Here is one concrete example:—

Germany built and completed in 1907 nine protected cruisers of about 3,500 tons with a maximum speed of a little over 24 knots. One of these vessels, the *Emden*, has almost brought business to a standstill in India. To catch these German greyhounds, British dachshunds of the "County" class, much slower ships though three times the size of the *Emden*, are engaged in doing work which cannot be done by slow ships. After nearly three months of war the greyhounds are still at large, the idea being that if one dachshund cannot catch a greyhound twenty-eight dachshunds may be able to do so. That may be a brilliant idea, but it is not business. Dachshunds being slow dogs, however numerous, catch no greyhounds.

When Lord Fisher was at the Admiralty he built the *Invincible* class of cruiser for the very purpose of catching and sinking the *Emdens*. Such, however, was the optimism of the pacifists that the *Invincible*, *Indefatigable*, and *Lion* classes of battle cruisers are now required to lie in the line in the North Sea or the Mediterranean because England does not possess enough battleships to liberate cruisers for their proper work.

Middle-class Minds.

Middle-class minds direct 90 per cent. of the affairs of the country. The separation of the land-fighting office from the sea-fighting office is an artificial distinction which should give way to the insistent demands of national safety. To place a British Admiral at the Admiralty with the same powers that Lord Kitchener has at the War Office, and to put a civilian Minister over both of them, would quicken operations, economise money and lubricate the wheels of administration.

Were business men to deal with the spy trouble they would certainly not be content with methods that satisfy the politicians. It is not enough to catch little spies or even to draw the big fish into the drag-net of Scotland Yard. It is necessary also to anticipate and to foil the secret workings of the enemies in our midst. Nobody ever saw a live mole, but when you see the turf heave and mounds of soil are tossed on to the surface, you know that a burrowing animal is underneath. The German Intelligence Department at work among us has studied the psychology of the British people and will choose the precise moment when the country is depressed by ill news to set afloat tales of disaster, of treachery, of losses in order to produce a panic. That is why all England was regaled with the silly lie about Prince Louis of Battenberg being immured in the Tower of London.

"Wake Up, England!"

On the seventieth day of the war the middle classes had not grasped the meaning of this war. They still asked for news in the trains and on the trams as though news alone interested them. Britain is fighting for her life like a crab with only half a shell. Since the other William the Conqueror landed at Pevensey, when there were no middle classes, the British Isles were never nearer foreign occupation than they are to-day.

We read of the violation of virgins and of the profanation of holy places as natural events in Louvain, Malines, and Namur; but the violation of the middle-class girls in Bayswater, Glasgow, Belfast or Cardiff seems as far off as the road to Tipperary.

The newspapers congratulate the country on having collected £3,000,000 for the Prince of Wales' Fund. It is a miserable result. I know men and women, who understand what the war really is, giving a tenth or an eighth of their incomes to the various War Funds. To give £50 when one has £500 a year and a family is much more than to give £5,000 when one has £50,000 a year and has recently changed one's name and taken out letters of naturalisation. When the country wakes up to the meaning of this war the Prince of Wales' Fund will leap to £30,000,000. When Britain awakes, graft, dishonest commissions and contractors' immense profits will be impossible. The camarilla that controls the buying for the great spending departments will be broken up. Two or three peccant naturalised Englishmen will be hanged, and the country will settle down with its teeth set to smash the Potsdam gang. The British Regular Army as usual has done its share, but Britain has not done her duty either to Belgium or to the Regular Army. The War Office General Staff have done splendidly, being men of business, but when the war is over a little hanging among the politicians will do them no harm.

If we had that Business Government!

If business men were running the country no Germans would be sitting on our magisterial benches. Two unnaturalised Germans lately acted as jurors at the Central Criminal Court. I know of one German justice of the peace in a northern county who cannot speak English correctly. Out with the Huns, high and low, and let us cease this fooling!

Were business men in the ascendant they would never have allowed sixty brand-new Dutch fishing luggers that only fish at night to be utilised as minelayers. Of all the men who are serving the country, there are none who are doing more splendid work than the skippers and crews of the mine trawlers.

As the nights grow longer serious stack fires are breaking out in the North of England. It is possible that we may lose the splendid harvest of this fine year unless we round up and detain every German and Austrian in the land. Let Government revoke, wherever necessary, naturalisation papers recently granted to aliens and recognise that such venomous hatred as is felt by the Germans for the English has had no precedent since the world began. Hatred between relations is more bitter than between strangers.

A Great Opportunity Missed.

Five years ago Mr. Horatio Bottomley, who has done more to drive the idea of a Business Government into the minds of the British public than any living man, as part of the policy for which he stands urged the country to say to Germany, "If you will not stop this race for naval power of your own accord, then, whilst we have the power we will exercise it and stop it for you." Our rulers did not agree.

We ought to have interfered in 1864 when Prussia and Austria struck down Denmark. We ought to have interfered in 1866 and in 1870, because Prussia has never yet made war without making war pay, and England was the quarry all the time. The dividends distributed to the Germans after this war, as after the old Judean wars, will be to every Hun "a damsel or two." The claws of the British lion are not yet grown, but the Hun feels in his neck the teeth of the good-tempered people who are typified by this portly, rubicund figure of John Bull.

Navy and Army men, who know what the strain of the war is and who understand the consequences of failure, constantly express the hope that the British middle classes will awake to the meaning of the war. The loss of St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, should they be destroyed by Zeppelins, or the successful landing of an expeditionary force on the Essex coast, would be a cheap price to pay for the waking of the middle-classes.

WOMEN, WAR AND WINE.

A COCKSURE CORONER'S CENSURE.

Dr. Wynn Westcott conducted an inquest the other day at the Hackney Coroner's Court. There is nothing unusual or surprising in that. What was unusual and surprising was the way in which he talked.

The subject of the inquest and the verdict do not matter; what does matter was what the Coroner said, which, according to a newspaper report, was as follows:—

> He said that in going over his statistics he found that last month there were double the number of deaths from delirium tremens than for the same month of last year, and the deaths amongst women from that cause had alarmingly increased. He had noticed a great increase at Shoreditch, particularly at Bethnal Green.
>
> The evil arose from the excessive drinking, due to the "treating" habit when a soldier was going away to the front, and to the fact that so many wives were left behind with more money than they used to have, owing to the separation allowance, and more than that, they, of course, had more time in which to spend the money. *It was difficult to suggest a remedy, but he did think it might go a very long way towards it if it were made unlawful for a woman to drink at a public-house bar.*
>
> The Coroner said he thought his remarks as to a woman having more money now needed explaining, but it was simple. *The reservist had been in the habit of doing very little work, whilst his wife had to work hard to support the home.* When her money came in he would "borrow" a little from her so that they could have a drop of beer, but now the position had changed. The reservist had been called up, so his mouth was out of the house, and he was not "borrowing" and besides that she had her separation allowance, and in consequence *she was having the time of her life, spending her time and money in the public-houses.*

These strong denunciations would have been more convincing if the Coroner had given us a few figures. It was unwise, to put it mildly, to generalise so sweepingly when particularising would have been simple and conclusive.

However, Dr. Westcott does make a definite statement as to the cause of the increase to which he had referred—always a dangerous thing to do, and, in a case like this, where there appears to be no evidence to support his conclusions, a foolish and cruel thing to do. None but the most perfervid pumpitarian would say that the "treating" habit and the recruiting habit go hand in hand as an irrevocable rule. A man is not more inclined to be intemperate when he is leaving his home and friends, perchance for the last time, than he is on any other occasion—he does not change his habits simply because he enlists!

The remedy Dr. Wynn Westcott suggests is as farcical as the rest of his remarkable oration. Surely a man of his experience, by this time, must have begun to see some dim glimmering of the truth of what we have so frequently written—that it is impossible to make a man, or a woman either, sober by Act of Parliament. Perhaps the Coroner would like to lock all reservists' wives up in prison until their husbands return? Then he could be *nearly* sure they would not drink anything to give them D.T.s!

Again, notice what he says about the reservist! He "had been in the habit of doing very little work, whilst his wife had to work hard to support the home." What an outrageous insult on the memory of the brave ones of Mons, Maubeuge, Compiègne, and the Aisne!—men a large number of whom have sacrificed good jobs to fight for the country which pays Dr. Westcott to hold inquests!

The suggestion is more worthy of the Germ-hun Official Lie Bureau than of a British civil (!) official.

One more point, and we will leave Dr. Wynn Westcott to the judgment of our readers and of his own saner thoughts.

In addition to this picture of the lazy, sponging reservist, he paints the reservist's wife "having the time of her life .... spending her time and money in the public-houses."

Can the learned Coroner have any conception of the condition of many of these poor women, suddenly robbed of their husbands (their breadwinners, in spite of Dr. Westcott's gratuitous insult), face to face with a dead-wall of worry and anxiety—worry as to ways and means, and anxiety as to the fate of their loved ones?

There would be little cause for wonder if Dr. Westcott's words were true, but, thank God, they are not! We are sure they are not; we know the women of England better!

THE SAME OLD STYLE, OH!

EDGAR'S NEW NAME FOR HIS ANCIENT TRICK.

We have often had a warning word to say about the Waterman Advertising Co., who, having impudently more or less appropriated the name of a well-known and respectable firm of fountain pen manufacturers, seek to palm off shoddy stylographic pens, at 3s. 6d. a time, on the pretence of providing their customers with envelope addressing at the rate of 10s. per 1,000. The activities of the firm seemed to have somewhat abated of late; but now specious and deceptive advertisements offering home-work, couched in similar terms to those employed by the Waterman Advertising Co., have reappeared in the press, and if responded to, bring the same old style of communication from the proprietors of "The Stylopen (Registered), of 43A, Theobalds Road, London, W.C.," an address which seemed strangely familiar. It is worded in the old, old style: "If you will fill in the form at foot and post on to us we will immediately dispatch you a parcel of envelopes for addressing, together with instructions." The "form at foot," which their deluded victims are required to sign, contains the same old clause:

> To safeguard yourselves and to prevent persons who have no intention of doing business for you obtaining your goods out of mere curiosity, herewith please find P.O. No. .. value 3s. 6d. (and 1d. stamp for postage) to cover cost of goods, for which let me have by return the envelopes and one of your stylographs on 30 days' approval.
>
> Notice.—I send you this money on this condition, that you will refund the 3s. 6d. in full to me, if I do not accept your offer, and return your goods to you in the same condition as I received them.

As in the case of the Waterman Advertising Company, let all those who, anxious to add to a meagre income, are inclined to forward 3s. 6d., with the expectation of obtaining profitable home-work, pause. We hereby set the signal at danger. The hand is the hand of Stylopen, but the voice is the voice of the Waterman Advertising Company, and the address is that of the same old swindling concern. Edgar, the rascal who owns it, has been allowed to run loose long enough—he has already been convicted nearly a dozen times, and should be placed under lock and key again. There is no such number in Theobald's Road as "43A," letters so addressed being delivered at 43, the "Waterman" offices. We think the Postmaster-General—who has lately exhibited so touching a solicitude for the protection of the public—should forbid the delivery of letters to such blatantly fraudulent addresses.

JOURNALISTIC AMENITIES.

WE GIVE OUR BOUVERIE BROTHER A KINDLY HINT.

The following correspondence, in the words of the lawyers, "speaks for itself"—especially the second portion of it! On October 15th we wrote to the Editor of the *Daily News and Leader*:—

> Dear Sir,—I am shocked to find you advertising the free £500 Football Competition of our contemporary *Ideas*, and feel sure that I have only to call your attention to the fact to lead to your immediately cancelling any order for further advertisements—and, of course, returning whatever you have received for those which have appeared.
>
> You will, of course, understand that personally I see no objection whatever to such a Competition—which is in every respect identical with our own; and that, on the contrary, I regard it as a healthy and legitimate form of recreation; but I have in mind the terrible sinfulness which Mr. Gulland, in your columns, and yourselves, have from time to time pointed out attaches to schemes of this kind, and I am sure you will be grateful to me for calling your attention to the matter.—Yours faithfully,
>
> Horatio Bottomley,
> *Editor.*

And in due course we received the following homœopathic reply, signed, appropriately enough, with the significant initials "M.D."!

> Dear Sir,—The Editor desires to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 10th inst.—Yours faithfully,
>
> For The Daily News, Ltd.
> M.D.

So all we can now do is to watch—and pray.

A wise precaution! Insure against Air Raids. Our Free Insurance Coupon is on page

WORCESTER CORSET "KID."

IF AT FIRST YOUR DODGE IS VAIN, TRY, TRY, TRY AGAIN!

As readers of our recent exposure of the brazen attempt of the American manufacturers of the "Royal" Worcester Kidfitting Corsets to pose as British will remember, its kid is not restricted to its name, but flows over into its literature. However, the announcements with which it had been wont to smother the press have now been very much curtailed, though we have before us a proof advertisement containing what we gather is the considered defence prepared by Mr. H. Randall, the astute agent for the American firm. It takes the form of a page intended to be inserted in a weekly newspaper of which we have never before heard, and of which we found it impossible to procure a copy. It is headed: "The Truth about the attack on Royal Worcester Corsets by a ring of British corset-makers —at least one of them German born." It is as well to say at once—"right here," as our Worcester friends would put it—that the firm which it is thus sought to stab in the back, was founded 56 years ago by a gentleman—not, of course, by his own selection—of German birth. For forty years he has been a naturalised British subject, and is a Freeman of the City of London, but for the last few years he has been retired, leaving the conduct of it to his sons, who are *English born and bred.* The great business, which is the result of his life work, possesses over a dozen factories in the United Kingdom, giving employment to more than 6,000 British men and women.

The Eleventh Commandment.

In the page, the two misleading advertisements which we have pilloried are reproduced, the American firm's attempt at justification of them taking its familiar form of *suggestio falsi*, though there is a half-hearted expression of contrition for past misleading announcements. The firm still, however, act upon the principle that, though open confession may be good for the soul, it is likely to be very bad for the pocket! Their sorrow is, we are afraid, more for being found out than a whole-hearted regret of past misstatements. Certainly there is no evidence of a desire to turn over a new leaf, for in this latest advertisement there is a continuance of the usual bunkum about it being inspired merely by a desire to restore British trade, and the usual twaddle about their own self-sacrifice. "We have never at any time," they then say, "suggested that Royal Worcester Kidfitting Corsets were made in England. We took it for granted that everyone knew they were not made in England." To anyone who has read their advertisements this must be a staggerer. We regret we have not space for quotations showing the scores of designedly ambiguous sentences which in every line imply that the *Royal* Worcester goods were British made—in our issue of October 10th we gave a crushing selection of them.

"The Greatest Happiness of the Greatest Number."

Much stress is laid by the firm upon the fact that "the Royal Worcester Warehouse Company is a British firm, and we have every right to be patriotic," and that "every member" of its staff is "British born." The concern referred to, however, is, in truth, simply the distributing agency of the American manufacturers, employing a mere handful of clerks, packers and travellers. It is impossible to get over the cold fact that the purchase of American manufactured goods means less bread for British mouths. After some hysterical gush about the "sons of France, Belgium and Russia fighting side by side with ours (!)" comes the following disgraceful and absolutely unfounded suggestion: "Who is at the bottom of this wicked campaign? We hazard a guess that there is German influence behind it, endeavouring to make strife in the camp." The fact is that no trade carried on in this country is so completely in the hands of Britons—practically the only exception being the American Worcester Company.

Wallace on the War Path.

By a strange coincidence, the issue of John Bull which contained our exposure of the Worcester wiles also dealt with a concern—the "Anti 'Made In Germany' Association," with "Headquarters" at 190, Fleet Street—which was advertising for canvassers. It will be remembered that we commented strongly on the anonymity of the persons behind this enterprise. These canvassers were required for the collection of subscriptions—at a commission of 25 per cent. The first of the Association's objects sets the key of the whole. It runs:—

> To induce every British man and woman to support British industries by abstaining from buying, selling or in any way handling articles "Made in Germany" or Austria, or employing Germans or Austrians whose presence in this country has been a source of valuable assistance to our enemies.

Throughout the list beneficial intentions are expressed towards British trade, British traders and British workmen exclusively. In view of this fact, we were much interested in reading a letter from Mr. A. J. Wallace, describing himself as "Organising Secretary." It is addressed to the members of the Executive Committee of the Entente Trade League, a body sponsored by Lord Desborough, the Lord Mayor of London, the French, Belgian and Russian Consul-Generals, the heads of a number of our leading mammoth business houses, and other gentlemen of note. It reads:—

> The enclosed will indicate what has been done by this Association in connection with the movement now undertaken by the Entente Trading League. Two lists of Manufacturers and Merchants all over the United Kingdom have been circularised, with a view to forming Committees of representative business men. Mr. H. Randall, of the Royal Worcester Warehouse Co., 76 and 78, Mortimer Street, London, W., in addition to placing the services of his Advertising Manager (to whom he pays £1,000 a year) at the disposal of the Association, for any special publicity, and offering to contribute liberally to the funds, consented to act as President and Treasurer. In view of the formation of the Entente League with such distinguished support, it was decided that the Association should be merged into the Entente League. In advising you of this decision, Mr. H. Randall requests me to say that he will be pleased to support the Entente League financially and otherwise, with exactly the same amount of enthusiasm as he would have devoted to the Association. Awaiting an appointment at which I can advise you of all the details.

We are in a position to say that this patronising offer has been received with the utmost indignation by members of the Executive Committee, and is almost certain to be declined without thanks, they deeply resenting the cool way in which Mr. Wallace, Mr. Randall and the Worcester Advertising Manager—it does not appear that anybody else is associated with the moribund concern—have "decided" that it should be merged in the League. They also take the strongest exception to the offer of support "financial and otherwise"—within the latter category doubtless coming the services of the wonderful Advertising Manager and the hearty co-operation of Mr. Randall at the Council Board, where he would be able to hob-nob with Lord Desborough and his other eminent colleagues. No funds, as a matter of fact, are required from the public, the necessary expenses being borne by the members of the Committee personally. Should it at any time be deemed advisable to ask for subscriptions, an open appeal will doubtless be made, no single trader being allowed to "pay the piper" and thus be in a position to "call the tune."

It is not difficult to see that the stated objects of the League are much more favourable to the American firm than those of the Association, for its first aim is:—

> To obtain a pledge from the buying public to abstain from buying German and Austrian goods as soon as existing stocks have been replaced by similar articles manufactured in the British Empire or by allied *and friendly nations.*

No wonder the "Royal" Worcester Warehouse agent should be willing to take it under his wing! Of course, had the little scheme "come off," there would have been one or two difficulties for Mr. Randall to overcome—such as the third object, which reads:—

> To make known to purchasers the sources of supply other than from Germany and Austria.

However, the Advertisement Manager is a clever juggler with words, and could doubtless have been relied upon to do his best to please his generous employer.

Insure yourself against Zeppelin Raids!

See our Free Insurance Scheme, page 6.

Now Ready.

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The Real Causes of the Great War.

To understand the causes of a war one must go much deeper than the mere incident which serves as the spark to light the train. *The present is always the outcome of the past*—often of factors more or less remote. The true significance of the Great War cannot be grasped, nor can any wise settlement for the future be formulated, without a knowledge of those past events and conditions of which the present crisis is the result. The motives and aims of the combatants must be sought in the past.

The Victors and the Spoils.

When the German military power is crushed, what will be the future of the different states now composing the German Empire? *What will happen to the conglomeration of peoples forming the Austrian Empire*—to the Kingdom of Bohemia, for example, in which only 35 per cent. of the population are Germans, and 65 per cent. Slavs (Czechs)? *Has France a chance of regaining, not only Alsace-Lorraine, but what has been called her "natural frontier" the Rhine? Can Italy hope to gain territory at the expense of Austria, her hereditary foe? What changes are likely to be effected in the Balkans? Will Russia look for an extension of her European frontiers, and if so where?* These and other questions will arise. And practically every claim for compensation put forward in any quarter will have its foundation in the history of the past.

Lessons of Past Wars.

Even in military affairs there is little new under the sun. The essentials of strategy and tactics remain very much what they were in Wellington's day. Authorities still consider that tactics have never been brought to higher perfection than in Wellington's Peninsular campaigns. The history of past wars has an instructive bearing on the Great War now being waged. A knowledge of the great modern wars, from those of the French Revolution down to the recent Balkan War, materially helps one to understand the military motives behind the movements of the opposing armies now in the field.

A Very Evident Need

has arisen for books which shall offer a ready means of studying the political and military problems caused by the war. The authoritative surveys required for this purpose could not have been produced on the spur of the moment, and at the low price of 2s. 6d. each. But precisely the historical studies for which readers are looking already exist in the articles of the new Encyclopaedia Britannica—interesting, comprehensive, and the work of acknowledged authorities. The issue of these articles in a cheap and convenient form will give readers desired material which they would seek in vain elsewhere.

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.....

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

[This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.]

To the Right Hon. Reginald McKenna, Home Secretary, Whitehall.

Sir,—I wish to call your attention to the monstrous persecution of an ex-convict, named Jack Morris, by the Blackpool police, aided and abetted by Blackpool magistrates—notorious as the harsh and doltish, if weak, executive instruments of that body. If there is one principle of justice and public policy which has the popular support it is that an ex-convict, earnestly striving to make an honest living, should not be harassed in his efforts. Sir, Jack Morris has never had a chance in Blackpool. The police, shadowing him with disgraceful zeal, unable to charge him even with the suspicion of a crime, fasten upon him the paltriest offences. He may not sell patriotic buttons and he may not sell newspapers. Whatever he does honestly is wrong, and the magistrates obviously punish him vindictively—not for what they know are practically bogus offences, but for the record behind him; not for what he does in the present, but for what he has done in the past. Between them and the police there seems to be an understanding that, because he has been a convict, Jack Morris must be got out of the town by hook or by crook, by fair means or foul.

Not long ago, hearing of the man's persecution by the police, and convinced that he is now an "honest trier," to use his own words, I sent him £6 to start in life again. He goes to Manchester and buys patriotic buttons, upon which he expends nearly half the money, and is in the way of getting on his feet again when he is arrested for not being out of the town according to the magisterial decision in a newspaper-selling charge, and all his little balance goes in fines to save himself from prison! Never, sir, was there a clearer, a more iniquitous or a more scandalous case of police persecution. I am ashamed of you.

John Bull.

P.S.—Should you deem it expedient to prohibit bonfires and firework displays on the night of November 5th, I suggest that your orders should be issued without delay. An early official intimation may obviate much needless loss to small traders. The matter may appear relatively trivial, but it is one of some moment to many honest citizens.

To General Louis Botha, Commander-in-Chief, South African Defence Force.

Dear General,—Accept my assurance that recent events have in no way impaired our confidence in your loyalty or in your ability to carry to a successful issue the campaign to which you have set your hand. Some of us have long been aware of the many difficulties with which you have had to contend, and we are by no means surprised that the stealthy efforts of disloyal firebrands should at length have produced a puny flicker of revolt. The feebleness of the rebel movement is a high tribute to your healing statesmanship, and your prompt and earnest measures for its suppression are a further earnest of your honourable intent. Success to your warlike endeavours! May you add fresh laurels to your high military renown.

John Bull.

To the Rev. J. W. Sturdy, St. Jude's, Plymouth.

Dear Friend,—Though your parish magazine is acknowledged with thanks, your announcement that ever since the Home Rule and Welsh Church Bills have been passed we have suffered heavy losses at the Front, has made me so awfully nervous that I dare not go home in the dark. If I had only known, I would have seen Asquith personally and got him to postpone them, and then perhaps by this time we should have been across the Rhine and making ourselves comfy in Potsdam's palace without having suffered so much as a scratch. It seems hard on the poor fellows who have gone down, especially if they happened to be anti-Home Rulers and anti-Disestablishers. Think it over.

John Bull.

To His Majesty's Postmaster-General, London.

Dear Mr. P.M.G.,—How long is the British soldier actively engaged in the war to submit to the heavy exactions of the Post Office? Angry outbursts from the field are daily increasing. Why don't you make concessions, and make them quickly, and with good grace? If they cost a few thousand sovereigns, what of it? A poor widow, whose only son is at the war, tells me that she has sent him eight ounces of cigarettes and a letter, the postal charge being 1d. an ounce for the cigarettes and 1d. for the letter. "When I complained to the postal officials," she says, "they told me I was one of many who complain every day." That is what your own staff will tell them. It is hard to believe that you can be unaware of the grievance. In every department the State, which represents the nation, should prove its gratitude to the nation's soldiers. Yours is the only one, so far as I know, which treats them as a nuisance. Once again, how long is this to be your attitude? It is arousing widespread disgust.

John Bull.

To the Rev. A. Niven Dixey, The Rectory, Harpurhey, Manchester.

Dear Rector,—As I exclaimed in my impatience, "Is not it lamentable to see the impotence of the churches and chapels in this crisis?" I am now glad to notice and acknowledge that a lot of you have bucked up since, and that some of you bucked up before, to the fact that—if ever there was one—this is really and truly a case of "Onward, Christian Soldiers!" For instance, I have discovered you. *On dit* your two sons have volunteered for active service; *on dit* the apparitor of the church has left for the front; *on dit* the junior secretary of the Sunday-school has joined the "Pals' Battalion"; *on dit* fifteen past and present members of the Church Lads' Brigade have joined one or other of the Services; *on dit* many members of various of your parish organisations are training for active service or home defence; *on dit* members of the congregation are serving on relief committees; *on dit* ladies of the church and members of the Girls' Friendly Society are working for the Red Cross League; *on dit* the churchwardens, too old to enlist, have become policemen; and finally *on dit* a few of you meet four days in the week to remember in your prayers (I hope you forget the Germhuns!) those who are engaged in the war.

All this is well; in fact it is splendid; and if there are any more about like you, I assure you, Mr. Rector, that I shall eat my words with a great deal more pleasure than I uttered them. Terrible as is the War beyond all human measure, each day I live now brings me more and more to the faith that when the thunders and lightnings have passed from the crimson fields we shall all be nearer to each other than ever before—nearer in religion, in politics, in industry and commerce, in every relation of life in which we build up our faith, our happiness, our prosperity, and our destiny. Perhaps—I do not know how these things go—there is a time in the history of nations when an adequate adjustment in the relations of men one to another can only be accomplished through anguish and sacrifice. If that is the written lesson we must learn, I believe with all my heart we shall learn it with a will.

John Bull.

To Lord Hugh Cecil, M.P.

My Lord,—I can sympathise to some extent with your indignation at the Disestablishment of the Welsh Church, but I can find no excuse for the terms in which you recently ventured to denounce his Majesty's Ministers. Your speech in Convocation was a flagrant breach of the Party Truce, and a direct incitement to the renewal of faction strife. "War," you maliciously observed, "brought great popularity to the Government which began it, but almost always destroyed the Government which waged it, sooner or later." This was quite unworthy of you and entirely out of harmony with the spirit of the people. We have a right to expect nobler sentiments from a scion of the Cecils. *Noblesse oblige.*

John Bull.

To Major Otway Mayne, Chief Constable, Buckinghamshire.

Great "Chief."—What is this I hear about your arresting a local printer and others for circulating our recent criticism of your conduct of the Buckinghamshire Special Constabulary? *Why not me?*

John Bull.

***Your* policy does not insure you against Zeppelins. Our *Free* Insurance Scheme *will*. See page 6.**

NOT QUITE!

WEARY WILLIE: "Donner und Blitzen! And I thought it was going to be a walk-over!"

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—."

WE APPEAL FOR IMMEDIATE HELP FOR THE WIVES AND CHILDREN OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

It gives us pleasure to say that—thanks to the generous response of our readers to our appeal—we have been able to send immediate relief to many soldiers' wives who had been suffering acute distress. Space prevents our giving details of all these cases, but we select the following as typical.

"I am in a great fix, so I write to ask your advice," says the widow of a first-class petty officer who was serving on H.M.S. *Hogue* when she was sunk in the North Sea on September 22nd. The poor woman goes on to tell us that she has one little boy, 8 years of age, that her husband used to allow her 27s. 6d. a week, all of which has now been stopped, the Admiralty granting her a pension of 7s. 6d. a week for herself and 2s. for her boy, until he attains the age of 16. The problem she is faced with is how to obtain a livelihood for herself and the child. She is 46, and the blow comes more as a shock because her husband had actually qualified for a pension of 20s. a week. We immediately sent her £3 from our Fund—her need was urgent. Could one of our readers find her employment? She would make a capital housekeeper, lodgekeeper, or office caretaker.

A woman, left a widow at 21, met a man who had been deserted by his wife. They live together, three children being born to them. The man enlisted, leaving the little things behind him. The War Office does not recognise the "wife," and the Soldiers and Sailors Families' Association referred her to the Guardians. We found the poor woman trying to keep herself and two children by charing. The £2 which we have given her will, we hope, enable her to keep going till the Association widens its scope.

A Manchester man—the father of six children—left them to obey his country's call. After being in camp six weeks, during which time his wife received neither allotment of pay nor separation allowance, he advised her to make application for assistance from the Prince of Wales' Fund. The result is eloquently indicated in this quotation from her letter to him:—

> You would not tell me to go to the Prince of Wales' Fund if you knew all. I could not tell you the insults I got this morning from a visitor. She told me I had a drunken husband, and believed you were drunk when you enlisted.

The remainder of the communication is of a heartrending character. We at once gave the poor woman advice which will, we hope, result in her obtaining both the separation allowance and allotment of pay, whilst for her immediate necessities we forwarded £2.

A widow has six children (all under 14 years of age) at home, in addition to which she has three other sons who answered their country's call. Before joining the Colours all these lads used to contribute towards the upkeep of the home. At the time of enlistment they made an allotment of pay, but through some cause unexplained she did not receive it. We endeavoured to untangle the red-tape, and hope that she will soon get her money from the War Office—meanwhile forwarding her £2 from our own Fund.

"Dear Amy, I am going up to the Colonel to-day to tell him about your money." Thus writes a man to his wife after being away from her for six weeks. Not getting any satisfaction, this soldier (overwrought with anxiety) took "french leave," rejoined his wife in London, and was arrested as a deserter. We interested ourselves in the matter and are glad to say he did not get punished for his "crime." To his wife, who is expecting to be confined shortly, we gave £2 from the Fund, and are pleased to be able to say that she is now in receipt of her Government allowance.

The trawler *Argonaut* left Grimsby on July 31st, and is believed to have been sunk by a German warship. The second engineer, whose fate is unknown, leaves a wife and six children totally unprovided for. Although he was a naval reservist, his wife receives neither pay nor help from the Admiralty. The Yarmouth branch of the S. & S. F. A. say they cannot help her. The Prince of Wales' Relief Fund think they have done their duty by giving her 5s. and tickets for food valued at 6s. We have sent the poor woman £2, and if she does not soon get a proper official allowance we hope she will apply to us again, when we will soon see what more can be done.

A poor old chap, in receipt of the Old Age Pension, has an only son in the Navy, who allows him 3s. a week, but since the war the allotments have been irregular. To make matters worse the old man has been ill. We have given him £1 to keep the pot boiling, till the hitch is rectified.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

We have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the following; will *you* send us something?

"Troubadour," £17 10s.; K. F., (Crouch Hill), 2s. 6d.; J. H. C., 10s.; Anon, 2s. 6d.; H. V. G., 4s.; "The Employees of C. W. Limehouse," 14s. 9d.; R. P. (N.S.W.), 10s.; G. D. A., £2; "Edgar and Ivy," 2s.; F. C. S., 10s.; F. B. S., 1s.; C. L., 2s.; A. W., 2s. 6d.; "Roamer," 1s.; "Ocean," 6d.; "Roger," 3s.; S. G. M., 1s.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; "Sam," 1s.; R. W. C., 10s.; M. W., 1s.; W. R. K., 10s.; "Anon," 10s.; "20%," 1s.; W. H. H., 2s. 6d.; "Banff Bullets Winner," 2s. 6d.; "Evelyn and Freda," 1s. 6d.; S. H., 2s.; "One or Two Admirers," 2s.; E. W. B, (Birkenhead), 5s.; "Lamornd," 2s.; G. S. C., 5s.; R. McD., 5s.; "Colin Hadyn," 1s.; A. Z., 2s. 6d.; J. B. T., 2s. 6d.; J. P., 4s. 2d.; "Geo.," 2s.; A. McC., 2s.; K. P., 6d.; Mrs. J., parcel of clothes; H. P., 5s.; G. H. K., 2s.; E. W., 6d.; W. F., 6d.; Q. F., 2s.; "Darlington," 6d.; C. W. E., 1s. 6d.; "Zoe" (St. Ives), 2s.; E. A. H., 2s.; J. B., 1s.; "J. T. (Suffragist)," 2s. 6d.; "Sentry," 1s.; "Jet," £1; M. S., 1s.; Mr. and Mrs. T., 2s.; "Solomon Moses," £1; "Policeman and His Mate," 3s.; "Marlborough," 2s. 6d.; "Pen," 2s.; C. S., 10s. 6d.; A. P., 10s.; "Green-un," 1s.; S. H., 2s.; "Fed Up," 1s.; A. J. B., 2s. 6d.; "In His Name," 4s.; Mrs. L., 1s.; Mrs. S., 3s.; "Ruthin," 2s. 6d.; "Bulletite," 6d.; R. N., 15s.; "A Thankful One," 2s. 6d.; "Canterbury," 2s. 6d.; "Kashima Maru," 2s. 6d.; J. S., 5s.; M. D., 1s.; S. J., 6d.; A. W. S., 1s.; G. A. R., 2s. 6d.; "The R. Family," 15s.; "Lonely Lassie," 6d.; "Little Edna," 1s.; M. J. B., 1s. 6d.; "Dilys" (Old Trafford), 3s.; E. & E. T., 10s.; M. M. (Salop), 2s. 6d.; "Florence Elizabeth," 2s.; W. F. E., 2s. 6d.; J. E. E. (Swansea), 1s.; "Colin Hadyn," 1s.; J. W. G., (Edgbaston), 1s.; G. H., £1.; J. S. A., 5s.; Mrs. E. C., 2s.; R. D. (Tipton), 2s. 6d.; N. O. S., 2s. 6d.; H. R., 2s.; "Snowden," 2s.; S. S. A., 1s.; "Constant Reader," 1s.; "Occasional," 1s. 6d.; M. D. (Bolton), 1s.; "Wakefield," 2s.; E. T., 2s. 6d.; "Dolphin," 4s.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; "Kirkley," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. S., 2s. 6d.; J. H. C., 10s.; "Mount Clare," £1; P. W., 6d.; "Seafarer" (Liscard), £5; J. B. S. (Cardiff), 2s.; "Suffragette," £1; E. M. T., 1s.; E. C., 1s.; Mrs. E. M., 5s.; "A Rejected Recruit," £2; "The Lydiate," £5; J. D., 2s.; V. M. A. (Belfast), 5s.; "Agnes," 2 dollars; "Sundry Orders," 6s.; W. O. S., 1s.; "Northumbria," 1s.; H. F., 1s. 6d.; G. B., £1; D. W., £1; H. G., £1; "Tab," 1s. 6d.; "Southwell," £2; J. E. B., 1s.; M. B., 1s.; T. W., 1s.; "Chiswick," 2s. Anon., £1 "Wellington St." 6s.; L. H. B., 5s. 6d.; "Sailor's Wife" (Leith), 5s.; J. McN., 5s.; W. H., 1s.; R. C. C., £1 1s.; F. P. (Durham), 1s.; "Mount Florida," £1; C. S., 2s. 6d.; J. T., 1s.; E. S., 1 dollar; "One who is Proud to be an Englishwoman," 3s.; "Edgar and Ivy," 2s.; A. B., 5s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.

Mr. C. Wilkes Green, the winner of the First Prize in our 104th "Bullets" Competition, has kindly sent us £5.

We thank Mr. Charles Weedon, of the "Green Man," Hatfield, for a donation of £1 1s. 11d., being the amount collected by him in empty lemonade bottles ingeniously adapted to the purpose.

What Have You Sent?

"HUMAN DOCUMENT" SUBSCRIPTION.

347.—"Well-wisher," 10s.

Wonderful value! The "John Bull" Portfolio of War Celebrities. 1/- net.

Show this page to your Wife

and let her understand how SHE can help in the Great War which British Manufacturers are waging against Foreign Competitors.

YOU know what a lot depends upon the employment of British Labour, particularly female labour, at the present time and we ask you to help that labour by showing this advertisement to your wife, and impress upon her the absolute necessity of supporting British Labour in preference to that of another Country.

British women must make a point of knowing where their Corsets are made, and buy only those made in this Country.

Price 5/11 Per Pair.

Model 9172. It is beautifully constructed with low bust and deep hips. In fine White or French Grey Coutil, bound Satin and trimmed Galon Embroidery, completed by four very reliable Rubber Grip Hose Supporters.

"C.B."

EESI-FLEX CORSETS

are constructed in the "C.B." Factories at—

BATH, PORTSMOUTH,
BRISTOL, OLDLAND COMMON,
PORTSEA, SOUTHSEA,
Victoria Buildings, Golden Lane, E.C.,

and the Coutil from which they are Manufactured comes from the Mills of Lancashire.

Once she has purchased a pair of "C.B." CORSETS she will be so pleased with the exquisite style and grace that they impart to her figure that she will simply have to buy them again.

We illustrate what is undoubtedly the greatest corset bargain that has ever been offered to the public—a type of the very finest grade, which has every possible new feature embodied in its building.

It is impossible to surpass the perfect fit and graceful style of the new "C.B." Eesi-Flex Models, which are sensibly priced from 2/11¾ to 13/11 per pair.

Carriage paid to all parts of U.K.

D. H. EVANS & CO., Ltd.,

290-320, OXFORD ST.,
LONDON.

'Phone: Mayfair 6240.

Telegrams: "EVANTHES, LONDON."

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES. INSIST ON "C.B."

RENT AND RATES.

"IGNORANCE OF LAW EXCUSETH NO MAN."

From the innumerable inquiries we continue to receive in regard to the payment of rent, rates, general debts, and other monetary obligations, it is evident that the provisions of the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act, already reviewed in these columns, are by no means completely grasped by the general public. For this unhappy state of affairs, a large measure of blame must rest upon the Government, who have taken no adequate steps to inform the community of vital changes in the law. A Scottish reader informs us that our recent article, "Food Before Rent," was "the first intimation, official or otherwise, to Scotland, that the new Act was in force"—while, even yet, many Court officials across the border appear to have the haziest notions as to its practical applications. From elsewhere in Scotland, and from Ireland, come queries as to whether the measure, of which correspondents have read for the first time in our columns, applies only to England, or to the whole of the United Kingdom. The reply, of course, is that with slight technical adaptations, the Act applies to the whole of the British Isles; and the fact that at this time of day it is necessary to answer such a question is a severe reproach to the responsible authorities. In this instance, the presumption that every citizen knows the law has been pushed to ridiculous lengths, with the result that, in too many cases, gross injustice and even rank illegality has proceeded unchecked.

Meanwhile, this particular Act of Parliament has proved as amenable as most others to the passage of the proverbial "coach and four," and schemes for its evasion have, of course, been materially assisted by popular misconceptions as to the nature of its provisions. One of the commonest ruses on the part of unfeeling landlords has been to raise, and in some cases to double, the rent of houses whose tenants, in the stress of war time, have been unable to pay with their accustomed regularity. In this way, due notice having been given, fresh tenancies have been created, and many distracted householders have been led to believe that, in these circumstances, they are no longer entitled to the immunities of the new Act. This impression is, in most cases, wholly false. No new contract of letting is outside the scope of the Act, unless it carries a rental of £50 or more. In all other cases the course of the tenant is clear. He should pay all he honestly can, and send the landlord to the County Court for the rest. To increase rent for ulterior ends is an ancient wheeze which will deceive no experienced tribunal.

In the early administration of the Act another difficulty has arisen, to the discomfiture of the poorer class of householders. Most small tenements are let at an "inclusive rental," a proportion of which is for rates, which are actually paid by the landlord. In the present position of affairs, many landlords, faced with a complete or partial failure of rent, have shifted the rate assessments on to the shoulders of their defaulting tenants, who are, of course, unable to meet such demands. Many painful cases of this character have been brought to our notice, and we regret to say, in response to numerous inquiries, that the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act contains no specific reference to liability for local rates. In the stress of the coming winter we shall need sounder guarantees against oppressive "justice" than the law at present affords.

QUITE SO!

WHAT DID WE TELL YOU?

Dear Sirs,—I have just purchased one of your portfolios of War Celebrities and was somewhat astonished at the quality of the portraits for such a small sum. They are *the* best that I have yet seen, and would certainly be highly appreciated by the public if they were extensively advertised. I consider every one worthy of framing, and, if hung on the walls of the various schools and clubrooms, they would inspire confidence in the community that, with such men working and fighting for the civilised population of the world, Germany will be crushed and made to realise what honour means.

Believe me, yours sincerely,
Francis H. Huddle.

48, High Street, Stepney, E.
October 15th, 1914.

SOLDIERS
and SAILORS
need Handkerchiefs!

Give them
EXCELDA
HANDKERCHIEFS.

A genuine, durable and satisfactory article, soft and ready for use.

UNION JACK and KHAKI STYLES, as well as many other attractive designs.

Sold everywhere at 6½d. each.

Be sure you get EXCELDA.

Good Living for All
— and Cheap!

The delicious British Made *BIRD'S* Custard does the children good.

It is full of nutriment, and contains the body-building material they need. Costs only a trifle per head with sugar and milk at their present prices.

No increase in price *of*
Bird's
the Nutritious Custard.

Remember—It's FOOD in CUSTARD form!

2 Pkts. for 1½d. 4d & 7½d Boxes. Large 8½d Tins.

W.B. NUFORM CORSETS

EVERY PAIR MADE IN THE W.B. FACTORY, AT PORTSMOUTH, ENGLAND, BY BRITISH WORKERS.

A Word to YOU, Sir,

In common with every Britisher under the sun, you, Sir, are no doubt doing your level best to encourage those industries which provide employment for British workpeople. Probably you are not interested in Corsets, but you know heaps of womenfolk who are, and we want to appeal to them through you.

Persuade them to buy "W.B." BRITISH-MADE Corsets, not only on patriotic grounds—that, of course, first,—but because "W.B." Corsets carry with them a style, a distinction, which have made them first favourites with women who take a pride in their appearance.

A woman always looks her best when corsetted in a "W.B." Model, because it conforms implicitly to fashion's whims, and provides, as a result, a perfect foundation for the outer garments.

Two shapes are illustrated on this page; show them to your lady friends:

Model 427 (on the left). Light-weight Boneless-Hip Corset, in Fine White Batiste, at 8/11.

Model 420. Exactly same shape, in White or Dove Coutil, at 8/11.

Model 429 (on the right). A Corset of distinctive cut, in White or Dove Coutil, at 8/11.

Model 430. Exactly same shape, in a superior Cloth, at 8/11

FOR STOUT FIGURES.

W.B. ELASTINE-REDUSO Corsets are the ideal garments for the stout figure. Strong, wear-resisting materials; "ELASTINE" gussets are inserted to give extra freedom of movement.

Models 786 & 703, at 12/11.

Model 706, at 21/-.

Insist on having "W.B." Corsets, obtainable from nearly all Drapers throughout the British Isles. If you experience any difficulty, send P.O. and size required to us, and we will supply through your nearest Agent. 'W.B. CORSETS' (London Showroom), 23, London Wall, E.C.

"JOHN BULL'S" VARIETY TURNS.

SONG TO THE GERMANS.—A DUET.

By Kur Hardie *and* Ramsay Macdonald.

Duet:
Hail! German brothers, unto you!
And listen to our song,
Who think, whatever it may do,
Our country's always wrong;
We've shown our tacit sympathy
In various ways with Germany,
And trust a famous victory
Will crown your arms ere long—
We hope decisive triumphs
Your glorious troops will bless,
For, though our love for you is slight,
We love our country less!

Solo: Kur Hardie:—
I am a Kaiser in my way,
Conceited as can be—
A sign, rude people sometimes say,
Of failing sanity!
Don't you believe it! I'm as sane
As some old farmyard cock
Who knows it pays him to seem vain
Amongst his cackling flock.

When Parliament is sitting, I
About the Lobby strut
With flowing locks and lordly eye,
Of many a jeer the butt.
But what care I, so I impress
The females fluttering near,
Enraptured if they can address
One word to "darling Keir"?

Solo: Ramsay Macdonald:—
Excuse me interrupting, Kur,
But don't you think—ahem!—
Our German friends would much prefer
To know what you're to *them?*
Let *me* take up the moving tale
And show what we have done
To make the War of no avail
To all—*except the Hun!*

Kur Hardie:—
That's just what I was coming to,
But as you've butted in,
We'll sing together, me and you—
Ready—Now then—begin!

Duet:
Our Nation's peril we've ignored,
Our duty we've neglected—
The people we have long assured
That they were well protected!
Precautionary measures we
Have constantly resisted,
To sap our strength on land and sea
And weaken our supremacy—
That's been the aim of you and me
And in it we've persisted!

To Britain's enemies abroad
Our sympathies have ever
In a seditious current poured—
And check its course we'll never.
Our country's Allies we've maligned,
Abused, scorned and insulted—
To Hell had Belgium been consigned
If *we* had been consulted!

Thus, German brothers, unto you
We've given our utmost aid,
Yet still, whatever we may do
Won't save you, we're afraid!
Although we've shown our sympathy
In various ways with Germany,
And hope a famous victory
Will gladden Bismarck's shade—
We've done our best to help you,
At cost of honour's loss—
Now kindly decorate us with
The Kaiser's Iron Cross!

W. M.

Strength!

Strength—of body, mind, and nerve—depends on rich, red blood, well-nourished tissues, and sound digestive powers.

Hall's Wine not only safeguards these vital factors, but builds them up whenever from any cause they fail.

Never was Hall's Wine so widely useful as it is to-day, for never were the marks of strain, anxiety, and grief so prevalent.

A Glasgow doctor writes: "*After a long experience of Hall's Wine I still continue to prescribe it, and have never failed to obtain decided benefit in all cases.*" (Original letter on file for reference.)

Strengthen your system with a short course of Hall's Wine NOW.

Hall's Wine

THE SUPREME RESTORATIVE.

GUARANTEE: Buy a bottle of Hall's Wine to-day. If, after taking half of it, you feel no real benefit, return us the half empty bottle within fourteen days and we will refund your entire outlay.

Large size 3/6; smaller size 2/-. Of Wine Merchants, and Grocers and Chemists with Wine Licences.

STEPHEN SMITH & CO., BOW, LONDON.

835

A British Firm's Reply to the Worcester "Sauce."

AS one of the leading British Corset Manufacturers, we, the proprietors of "J.B." Side-Spring Corsets, have taken this advertisement to refute the ambiguous statements of the Royal Worcester Warehouse Company.

Royal Worcester Corsets are made in Worcester, Massachusetts.

By purchasing them, or any but **British** Corsets, you are **not** helping to keep British corset makers employed.

The really patriotic action is to buy British Corsets made in British factories.

Another statement of the American firm was to the effect that British manufacturers were "stiff-necked," "moth-eaten," and producers of "wretched, rigid, shapeless things," as corsets.

Here is our reply to this last invective. British women and British corset dealers can compare the "J.B." Side-Spring Corsets shown on this page with any American make.

J.B. Model 337.—Medium low bust style for slender to medium figures; long straight hips, tapering away back and front; soft white Venetian cloth **4/11**

Washable without rusting—unbreakable. Made in the very newest London styles, in an exquisite range of models to suit all figures. The Side-Spring gives an easy, willowy suppleness, and freedom of movement in any direction, at the same time moulding the figure along hygienic and correct lines.

Note their beauty and style. Examine the workmanship by handling a specimen—the good product of British genius, British brains, British Labour.

And especially compare their prices with those of the nearest American equivalent.

MASTERFRONT.

J.B. Model 561.—An elegant shape for slender or average figures, giving smart outline; low bust, long skirt, with straight back; light flexible boning; soft durable Coutil, satin ribbon top; four suspenders **7/11**

J.B.
Side-Spring CORSETS

MASTERFRONT.

J.B. Model 701.—For average figures; low bust, with elastic section; graceful outline of long skirt and straight back; light boning, flexible and easy in any position; superior Coutil; six suspenders .. **12/11**

Value is what appeals to the British woman—a genuine article without the embellishment of fancy titles (pseudo-English), and obtainable at a price which is in the case of "J.B." Side-Spring Corsets about half the price of the American model.

"J.B." Side-Spring Corsets are produced in the factories of J. S. Blair & Son—as British as John Bull.

Write now for Style Book, "Fashion's Parallel," showing distinctive Models for every type of figure.

J. S. BLAIR & SON,
GREAT ANCOATS,
MANCHESTER.

London Showrooms:
15, FORE STREET.

Glasgow Showrooms:
49, QUEEN STREET.

SOLD BY LEADING DRAPERS EVERYWHERE.

QD

HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

HARD K-NUTS TO CRACK.

1st K-Nut (*languidly*): *I* thought the Arsenal played a thundering good game, wha-at?

2nd K-Nut: Not ba-ad. (*Yawns.*) Doin' anythin' to-night?

1st K-Nut: Can't say. Nothin' to do, y'know. No evenin' performances, pubs close at 10, town in infernal darkness. Bit rotten, isn't it?

2nd K-Nut: Ya-as. Still, there's the Cinemas, y'know. Might put in an hour at one of them, an' then clear round to the club. Wha-at?

1st K-Nut: Think not, old cha-ap. Nearly all the cinemas are run by beastly Germans, y'know. Piffling, isn't it?

2nd K-Nut: Quite. London's a fearful bore just now.

Middle-Aged Party (*glaring, and flushed with agitation*): Then why don't you leave it and go where it is every able-bodied young man's duty to go?

2nd K-Nut (*fixing monocle and regarding interrupter for a slow moment in supercilious silence, then turning to friend*): I saw some dashed fine socks at Robinson and Dickins yesterday. Quite the finest scream, I should say.

1st K-Nut: And I want some ties. By the way, old scout, I'm thinkin' of puttin' in the week-end at Brighton. London isn't in it now. You'd better come.

2nd K-Nut (*yawning*): Don't mind. Let me know the train, and I'll meet you at Victoriah.

1st K-Nut: Right-o. (*Produces a silver cigarette case; selects a smoke.*) Try one?

Middle-Aged Party (*uplifted hand trembling with agitation*): You ought to be ashamed of yourselves. Two fine young men like you talking and thinking about nothing but pleasure when your fellow-countrymen are fighting and falling on the field of battle, and your country is in the direst peril! *Shame* on you!

1st K-Nut (*regarding interrupter with mild, well-bred interest*): I beg your pardon, madam. Were you speaking to me?

Middle-Aged Party (*energetically*): I'm speaking to *both* of you. You're neither of you married, I'll be bound—though that wouldn't be much excuse at this crisis—and you both appear to have more money than you know what to do with. Fancy socks, indeed! You're slackers, that's what you are! Haven't you seen the posters, "Your King and Country Need you"?

1st K-Nut: Frequently, madam. Very flattering, are they not?

Middle-Aged Party: Flattering! This is no time for foolish sacrasm, let me tell you. The fate of the British Empire hangs by a hair——

2nd K-Nut: What colour, madam, may I ask? Personally, I have a preference for the blonde.

Middle-Aged Party: We want conscription to deal with slackers like you, with your silly jokes!

1st K-Nut: You are under a misapprehension, madam.

Middle-Aged Party (*scornfully*): Not I! I'm too good a judge of character, I could see by your appearance that you both belong to that despicable class of young men who shame their country and their manhood with vanity and fatuousness. Your conversation confirmed it.

2nd K-Nut (*smiling politely*): Although, madam, you greatly flatter us with your attention, permit me to observe that I think you are excessively rude.

Middle-Aged Party (*emphatically*): It is my *duty* to be rude. It is the duty of the women of England to urge its manhood to do *their* duty. I say you are slackers, and should be *ashamed* of yourselves!

1st K-Nut: It is impossible to be cross with you, madam, because it is obvious that you are moved by the sincerest motives. But you really should be less hasty in your judgment. It might interest you to know that both my friend and I were wounded at Mons, and that we are both unutterably bored because the doctors will not yet allow us to rejoin our regiment.

Middle-Aged Party (*flushing with vexation*): Well—I *never* did! But you were talking about fancy socks, and——

2nd K-Nut: Madam, a soldier is not less a soldier for taking a little interest in his personal appearance. Why, this is Victoriah, old scout!

[*Collapse of* Middle-Aged Party.

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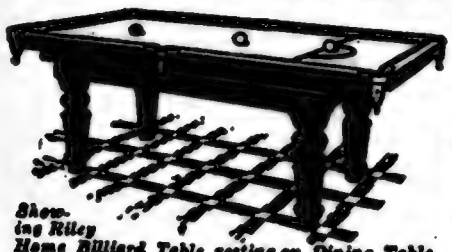

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Seven days' free play is allowed, and if for some reason or other you are not satisfied, pack it up, and Riley's will call and take it away. This offer sounds like foolhardiness, but Riley's are confident in their products and the exceptional value they offer. They know that before the week is out the home billiard table has become so popular it will be a permanent fixture.

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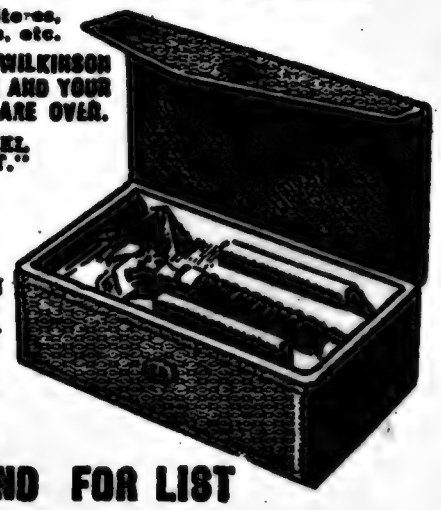

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During the month of September there were only fifteen actual racing days owing to the abandonment of various meetings, but during that time "GALE'S SPECIAL" gave no less than

TWENTY-TWO WINNERS,

which included:—

HIGHFIELD (100 to 8) for the Rous Plate at Doncaster.
LUTEA (8 to 1) for the Mile Nursery Handicap at Alexandra Park.
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Whilst subscribers to our

SPECIAL PRIMUS WIRE
SPECIAL PRIMUS WIRE

from

NEWMARKET on TUESDAY

(October 13th) received

JOVE, 7 to 1 agst	•	WON.
JOVE, 7 to 1 agst	•	WON.
JOVE, 7 to 1 agst	•	WON.
JOVE, 7 to 1 agst	•	WON.

ANOTHER "GEM" for STOCKTON!

The usual price of the Editor's Primus Wire is TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS, but in order to relieve the anxieties of sportsmen whose balance is on the wrong side, the Editor will again send his

SPECIAL PRIMUS WIRE

from

Stockton on Saturday

upon receipt of

FIVE POUNDS.

The usual charge for the SPECIAL PRIMUS WIRE is TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS PER MESSAGE. In no circumstances whatever is more than one selection ever mentioned on this message, and the following is a list of recent wires:—

July 10.—**DESOLATION**, 10 to 1 agst	...	WON
July 15.—**SANDUSKY**, 7 to 1 agst ...	...	WON
July 18.—**REDFERN**, 2 to 1 agst ...	...	WON
July 21.—**ONEIDA II.**, 6 to 1 agst ...	...	WON
July 24.—**LIGHT BRIGADE**, 7 to 2 agst	...	WON
Aug. 29.—**HOUNAM**, evens	...	WON
Sept. 5.—**WILLBROOK**, 5 to 4 agst	...	WON
Sept. 18.—**LAMPLUGH**, 100 to 12 agst	...	WON
Sept. 30.—**CLAIRVOYANTE**, 5 to 1 agst		WON, D.-H.
Oct. 3.—**SCREAMER**, 10 to 1 agst ...	...	WON
Oct. 13.—**JOVE**, 7 to 1 agst ...	...	WON

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Note that our ONLY address is:—

"Gale's Special,"

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Telegraphic Address: "WINNERS, Birmingham."

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT.

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

GENERAL.

G. B. (Johannesburg).—Depend upon it, we shall pursue our policy of Business Government for a Business Empire with even added vigour when the war has ended; and we shall be enormously supported by thousands, formerly apathetic to our cry, who now have seen that when serious business has to be done, "Party," and all that the word connotes, must go to the wall. In short, in fighting Germany we are also fighting the deadly "Party" spirit—and we mean to win in both cases.

"INDIGNANT" (Fulham).—We quite understand your feelings, but to be worthy a king must be kingly. "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; and if he be athirst, give him drink."

"BERT" (London).—"The mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small, And Wilhelm's wheels grind slowly, but they soon won't grind at all." Good.

F. T. (Pritchard's Road).—Soldiers' wives in receipt of relief tickets for bread would naturally feel indignant at having to present them at a German baker's. What are the distributors of the tickets thinking about? Have they shares in the bakery?

C. A. P. (Bow, E.).—As you must be aware, the war ruthlessly imposed upon us has already resulted in the destitution of great numbers of British subjects. Can you, being an Hungarian, inform us on what just grounds you are entitled to be protected from the fate that has befallen so many loyal Britishers? This is no time for sloppy sentiment. You are legally an alien enemy, and we must see after our own people before we attend to you.

H. J. B. (Birmingham).—Your suggestion that a parody of Pear's well-known soap advertisement, "He won't be happy till he gets it," should be published with the Kaiser for the central figure, has reached us from many sources, but it strikes us as being rather trite. Let us be original—or nothing.

A. C. M. (Nottingham).—The City Pen Manufacturing Co., Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row, E.C., are notorious for sending out unordered pens. Nevertheless, if they forward you postage and printed envelope you should return the pen.

G. G. F. (Northwood) says that if the Liverpool Corporation sold 178 of their horses to the Government for £11,000 they must have lost money, as they are prize horses and worth over £100 apiece.

E. A. W. has heard that thousands of mittens for British soldiers are being manufactured by a German firm trading under a British name.

J. McC. (Dumbarton).—The Stirling minister who objected to the presence of soldiers in the town on the ground that they increased immorality, is not alone in this affront. May the Kaiser get him!

W. F. K. (Walton).—As to fighting German trade, the alarm has been sounded and widely heard. But it is a matter of the technical details of multifarious businesses and methods.

"A WEEKLY READER."—If you knock down a policeman you must expect to receive a little rough usage, such as you yourself would give if the roles were reversed. We, personally, make a rule of never knocking policemen down if we can possibly help it.

E. M. (Edmonton).—"Revised National Anthem" not enclosed; at any rate, not before us with your letter.

F. M. Ev. (Birmingham).—"It is unthinkable that a body of Englishmen should strike when employed on urgent Army orders during the present peril." Agreed—if the employers are not making fat profits while paying lean wages.

G. R. (Geneva).—It may be hard in the individual case, but we are not surprised that the scheme for return of British subjects from Switzerland was abandoned, if so many promises made to return under it were broken.

H. D. L. (R.M.S. *Lusitania*).—Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt denies that he has ever given an interview in which he said that the defeat of the Kaiser would be a fatal wound to the United States.

R. E. D. (W. Bridgford).—Can understand your feelings about the boy being held back from the Front. The case, however, is not isolated, and we must believe the officers acted in accord with an honest view of their duty.

"TAXPAYER" (W. Smithfield).—Granted that German prisoners in the concentration camps are being well treated. It is the British way, and, as the Germans know, there are worse things we might be proud of.

F. C. S. C. (Middlesex) hopes that all the German miners of the Anglo-Westphalian (Kent) Coal Co. are by now accounted for. Ditto us.

J. W. M. (Birmingham).—All depends on the facts. It does not appear probable that a German sergeant with a German wife, would be retained in the Birmingham police force by the Watch Committee.

A. J. B. (Piccadilly).—It is of course well known that Sanatogen and Formamint are German products, established and maintained by constant advertising.

H. M. S. (Detroit).—Long ago it was written that ambassadors were men sent abroad to lie for their country. Count Bernstorff has been sent by the Kaiser to the U.S.A.

A. S. (Piccadilly).—"Is it true that prominent members of the Government are in the pay of Germany?" Is it true that the Kaiser is in the pay of England?

"RATEPAYERS" (Newcastle) wish to know "whether a German police official of this city is still holding office. If so, why?" They had better ask a policeman.

"CONFIDENTIAL" (London).—If the Something Koppel und-Koppel firm have changed their name, they will have to change back again; that's all.

T. P. (Portobello).—We certainly think the inspiration of Mr. Gordon, Aberdeen solicitor, in publishing, in aid of the Prince of Wales' Fund, Wellington's despatch announcing his Waterloo victory, somewhat inappropriate, though of course well meant.

"ANN" (I. of W.).—The curse of such a war as this is that all must suffer in some degree, and it is better that those who have very little should suffer more than those who have nothing. Your case is exceptional. If you are hurt worse than your tenants, we are sorry.

J. J.—We are breaking our rule in answering you. If the wife has not seen or heard of her husband for 14 years, her marriage with you would lay her open to a charge of, but not to a conviction for, bigamy but if he were in fact alive, the ceremony you went through would not be valid.

MRS. BUNGAN (N.W.) will be glad if any survivors of the *Hogue* would give her information as to the fate of her brother, Fred Chapman, 1st Class Stoker. We shall be pleased to forward any letters.

A. R. S. (I. of W.).—Quite right. Present yourself with an Iron Cross.

A. R. P. (Coxwold).—Surely to say, "The nation or nations who will eventually win are those who have most money, best tactics, best guns, most pluck, and are on the side of liberty and freedom," is not very different from saying, "He (God) has placed the destiny of the earth in the hands of the Anglo-Saxon race"?

NEIL H. (Glasgow).—Being so word-finical, why don't you Scots reveal to us the comprehnsive term which will also include Ireland?

C. M. H. (Southport).—We can easily believe that in some quarters it is not clearly realised that the Kaiser is also the Germhun Emperor There is one comfort for victims of such ignorance—before very long the Great Hun will be neither the one nor the other.

W. D. (Stratford, E.).—We have not forgotten that the German Chancellor asked: "By what means can England hope to make war on Germany?" We are showing him by means of deeds, not words, to borrow a cherished phrase of dormant suffragettism.

"JULES GRAY" (Winchester).—We agree that, wherever it is possible, landlords should reduce the rent of houses whose tenants have been hard hit by the war.

The Zeppelin Peril! Free Insurance for our Readers. See page 6.

M. W. (Smethwick).—Not at all. Look up and not down; look forward and not back. May the War return him safely to you.

G. C. (London, S.E.).—Are you *sure* it is "an infringement of the Police Act" for ex-officers to advertise as private detectives and inquiry agents?

W. J. J. (Woolwich).—Firms now charging higher prices for certain German goods, excusing themselves on the grounds that they see no prospect of getting any more from the Land of the Huns, ought to be boycotted, and the customers who purchase the articles on such terms deserve to be poleaxed. We have spoken.

"ALL BLUBBER" (London, E.C.).—Your *nom de plume* well describes your anonymous postcard. Don't write us any more until you have developed pluck enough to sign your name.

F. W. S. (Norwich).—We have already published adverse opinions of Paterson & Co., Beak Street, London, W. We will try to remember to send you a wire when the first Zeppelin bomb falls on 93, Long Acre.

S. E. N. (Holloway, N.).—One of our contemporaries *has* published a list of German owned picture theatres.

W. J. (Harlesden).—We are sorry that we are unable to give you the address of No. 8,976 Pte. Gray, of the Royal Scots, who was recently an inmate of the London Hospital. We learn that he was discharged from that institution on September 31st, and transferred to Queen Alexandra's Hospital, Millbank. Perhaps Gray, or some of his friends, will communicate with us.

MRS. S. (No address).—Your 3s. has been given to the poor person for whom it was intended. Happily, she is now in receipt of a weekly allowance sufficient to keep body and soul together.

C. H. (Darwin) wishes to know if any of our Canadian readers are acquainted with a man named John Hearth, who left England in 1912. Letters may be addressed care of this office.

H. W. G. (Watling Street).—Time has answered your suggestion *re* insurance of alien enemies.

J. F. W. (Newport, Mon.): "I like the way you let some of them have it." On the other hand, it is only fair to say some of 'em have it the way they don't like.

T. S. W. (Peckham).—Must repeat that we cannot undertake to search out the pedigree of individual companies. You can find all you want to know at Somerset House for a small fee.

W. S. E.—Prior to the war there was a glut of wireless operators in the market, but now the Admiralty want trained men. If you are one of them, and are "passable" in other respects, you have only to write to the "Wireless" Dept., Admiralty, Whitehall, S.W.

S. H. (Hollinhurst).—We won't tell you what sentence we should like to pass on a magistrate who gives a man a month's hard labour merely for begging.

D. W. B. (Ulceby).—We should imagine that your policeman friend's ears must be the best developed portion of his anatomy, if "he heard them talking about Home Rule before he was born."

J. H. (Strabane).—Fourpence a week pocket money, and tuition in singing and pianoforte playing, is the earthly reward of the choir boys in Derry Cathedral. Do you suggest their salary should be raised to ninepence?

J. S. S. (Hackney).—Cannot say any more about it than that, if you are ordinarily elastic, a competent physical culturist should be able to stretch you another half an inch upwards.

"TIT" (Winchmore Hill).—"Why does the Kaiser drink out of a bowl?" Didn't know he did, but if he does it is probably because all the German mugs are at the Front.

T. M. (Topsham) thus finally beseeches us: "Now do be a straightforward Englishman and not a mugwump." We are trying to improve ourselves daily.

E. J. C. E. (Hanover Square).—Have read your very long letter with sympathy, but it does not appear to disclose matters in which we can safely interfere.

W. G. D. (Bermondsey).—The only way to "stop the scandalising tongues of old women" is to put your solicitor on to them.

W. L. (Bermondsey).—"May the voice of the Angel of Peace soon be heard." As soon as ever you like, when we have cut off the horns and tails of the chief Hell-Fiend of war.

A. C. (Sheffield).—The postman is muddling-up things, evidently. Complain to the Postmaster-General.

"EASTVILLE" (Bristol).—The Chief Officer at the Irish Guards depôt would no doubt tell you, if you wrote to him.

"A BUTLER" (Coventry).—It will cost only a few shillings for you and your wife to get re-married at a Register Office. You can then join Kitchener's Army, feeling sure that your wife will duly receive the separation allowance.

T. S. (Bootle).—Your lovely poem makes us weep, especially the last lines of the first verse—"Of brave Tommy Atkins we're hearing good news, Well, my son's a Tommy; yes, he's Tommy Hughes." If he'd happened to be Tommy Snooze we should have been drowned in tears.

"FRIDA" (W. Kensington).—We agree it is mean, but it is characteristic.

"CANNING TOWN" (Poplar).—"Keir Hardie, the traitor. Our King and country's enemy, worse than the Germhuns." See our article on the subject.

W. H. L. (Hartlepool).—If "now, of course, the ideal man for W. Hartlepool" is self, pray idealise there as soon as possible.

"BRITISHER" (Hull).—It is not for us to undertake the responsibility of such investigations. Why not inquire through Stubbs'?

N. B. S. (Douglas).—We have answered in another case that it is quite possible to increase slightly a person's, especially a young person's, height. To go bail for an individual who says he can do so is another matter.

A. F. M. (Hadleigh).—"Oh, the ingratitude of man!"

MRS. E. A. F. (East Dulwich).—Our knowledge of Day's Unclaimed Money Register, of 154, Peckham Rye, is *nil*, but we have small confidence in any of that particular tribe of practitioners.

L. E. S.—A child born in Germany of English parents is a British subject, and should not be required to register, more especially if, as you say, it has been in this country since the age of seven years.

S. E. F. (Rawtenstall).—W. Breakell, of Southport, who implies that he can find situations as stewards, stewardesses, etc., on ocean liners, has no more influence in that direction than the Man in the Moon—if as much.

F. K. (Forest Gate).—The original jokes of Felix Keable strike us as being somewhat feeble. Nevertheless, you have doubtless done your best.

I. M. B. (Rochdale).—According to the law, a "young lady" of 12 years may marry with the consent of her parents, but according to custom she mayn't. Twenty-one is the age which frees her from parental control.

"IGGS" (London.)—We quite agree that Sir Edmund Speyer having retired from his firm owing to the war, should also relinquish his position as a Privy Councillor.

"ONE OF THE DELUDED" (Warley).—You are quite right in thinking we are quite right in our attitude towards Canadian emigration.

W. D. (Ramsay).—Sorry your experience as a mental nurse has been so unfortunate. Still, "a contract is a contract."

"FACT" (Toronto).—Sorry; but the award in any given "Bullets" competition would have been made before your letter reached us; and there are other technical difficulties which preclude an extension of time to our readers in dominions overseas.

S. S. (Otley).—It is not a matter in which we can interpose on an *ex parte* statement. If the secretary of your Approved Society has slandered you, sue him for damages.

C. W. H. (Romford).—It is something that the Accountant-General of the P.M.G. disgorged as much as 10d. You must have been born lucky.

C. A. (Gorsley).—You're rather mixed pickles, you are. If you don't like the conditions, don't compete.

W. F. A. (Winnipeg).—Glad you have improved your position. Our attitude on the Great Emigration Lie proves the imposition.

D. P. (Lurgan).—When the *Lurgan Times* is ridiculous, it is evidently very ridiculous.

C. L. (N. Kensington).—Seeing that the railway companies provide seats for their passengers, they are, in our opinion, justified in refusing to accept a folding chair as personal luggage, and have a right to charge for its conveyance.

F. J. (North Woolwich).—We never pay for verses culled from other papers, however ancient. More especially when they are in the style of the specimen you send us: "I'm the best Pal that I ever had, I like to be with me, I like to sit and tell myself Things confidentially."

C. H. C. (Wigan).—If the official at Wigan did not do his duty, complain to the General Manager of the Railway Company. We cannot interfere.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Owing to the closing of the Stock Exchange and the great pressure on our space by other matter, we are this week compelled to hold over our City Notes and Legal, Financial and Insurance Letter Bag. Inquiries on these subjects, when accompanied by the usual shilling postal order, will be answered by letter.

Free Insurance against Enemy Air Raids! See our new scheme on page 6.

LAYS OF A LOWLY LONDONER.

"STICK IT, THE WELSH!"

[The 2nd Welsh Regiment fought a fine fight when greatly outnumbered. Captain Huggard, in command, lying mortally wounded, opened his eyes now and then as the shells burst overhead, and called out, "Stick it, the Welsh! Stick it, the Welsh!" They were his last words.]

To the crest of the hill, when the sun was high,
The regiment crept, for the foe was nigh,
Ready to charge, in a dauntless tide,
On the trenches carved in the countryside.

On the brow of the hill they halted again,
For the bullets fell in a sudden rain;
Maxims and rifles, with death in the sound,
Rang from the hills and the woods around.

Trapped in an ambush the Welshmen were,
From their position they dared not stir;
All they could do was to stretch them flat,
And shoot what they saw worth shooting at.

"Let your fire be rapid," the Captain said,
"But still be cool, and don't lose your head;
If we keep them busy, their nerve to jar,
They never will guess how few we are."

'Twas an artful game that they had to play
'Gainst the marshalled army across the way;
And the Captain nodded, when things looked blue,
"Stick to it, lads, and we'll yet pull through."

And they played that game for four hours almost,
Making believe that they were a host;
The foe was afraid to advance; instead
They swept the hill with a storm of lead.

The regiment's ranks were dwindling now,
And ammunition was running low;
But the Captain manœuvred the tricky fight.
And they fired in sections, first left, then right.

On the very crest of that fatal hill
The officer stood, as officers will,
All heedless of self, only eager then
To keep the position and save his men.

The wounded ones, with a courage fine,
Crawled with fresh cartridges down the line;
The Welshmen, dogged, with bated breath,
Found now an enemy, now found death.

And the Captain smiled, though his heart was grieved,
"We must hold the hill till we are relieved,
And the Welsh will hold it!"—a screaming shell
Burst in the air, and the Captain fell—

Fell, with the victory nearly won,
Fell, with his duty nobly done,
Lay there in agony, well-nigh dead,
But, "Stick it, the Welsh!" was what he said.

"Stick it, the Welsh!" In his hopeless plight
His last resolve was to hold on tight,
To keep the hill with his scanty men,
Although an army opposed him then.

The day wore on, and the evening came,
The lonely hill was a hill of flame,
The thing had been like a hideous dream,
But the Flag of Britain was still supreme.

Artillery came to relieve the post,
They plucked the few from the grip of a host;
And many a German lost his life
At the hands of the Welsh on the hill of strife.

The Captain? He died as the shadows came,
And the last proud words his lips could frame
Were, "Stick it, the Welsh!" And he knew 'twas done,
For the Welsh had "stuck it!"—the Welsh had won!

RICARDO.

Printer's Pie.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published in this column. Should more than one competitor call attention to the same slip, the amount will be forwarded to the sender of the first letter opened. In the case of newspaper cuttings, sufficient must be forwarded to identify the name of the journal and date of issue. Envelopes to be marked "Pie" in the left-hand top corner.)

"EVENING NEWS" (letter):—
"The Bishop was visibly moved, and many wounded soldiers sat and heard the BENEDICTINE as he poured out . . . the most touching appeal I have ever heard."

"DAILY CHRONICLE":—
"The Belgian field army took away ALL its provisions when it retreated from Antwerp, and ALSO ITS GUNS, SPIKING THOSE IT WAS UNABLE TO REMOVE."

"ANOTHER SPECIAL" (in letter published in the *City Press*):—
"Why not form up this force at once from the Special Constables now enrolled—A Company to be known as the Lord Mayor's Own, and to consist of MEN born in the City of London."

SHAW (near Oldham) CHURCH MEN'S CLASS PATRIOTIC SOCIAL TICKET:—
"Every penny will be given to provide material for Parochial Parties for our Jack Tars and Tommies and their CHILDREN at home and AT THE FRONT."

"DUBLIN EVENING MAIL":—
"Subject to his lordship's approval, the case had been settled by consent, respondents to pay to the applicant £75, with 5 guineas expenses and the doctor's FEET."

"WELLINGTON JOURNAL AND SHREWSBURY NEWS":—
"A MEN'S service was held in the afternoon, and the Rev. D. B Marsland delivered his farewell address to the SUNDAY SCHOOL CHILDREN assembled in the church."

"SUNDERLAND DAILY ECHO" (advertisement):—
"Seven-roomed family cottage, with BEDROOM."

"YORKSHIRE POST" (advertisement):—
"Recruits wanted, Height 6 ft. 5 ins."

"YES OR NO":—
"And in that upper room the two girls slept dreamlessly IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS—the one bound to the chair, and the other AT HER FEET."

Bull's Eyes.

NOTES OF INTERROGATION:—
Does Turkey want to be made a hash of again?
Won't it be a case of "Bulldogged as does it"?
Have we had your latest "Bullet"-in yet? See page 28.
Haven't the Marines now a tale to tell to others?
Isn't it up to us to see that Belgium "gets her own back"?
Won't the early closing rule cause the "inns" to be "out"?
Are the authorities determined to keep us "in the dark"?
Doesn't that "scrap of paper" look like producing several other "scraps"?
Does Winston Churchill now scan his "morning post" anxiously?
Were the five Austrian commanders who retired for reasons of health, very "sick"?
Does the man in the street always hold that "no news is good news"?
Aren't alien tradesmen finding that there is "something in a name" after all?

• • •

The inhabitants of Antwerp have been ordered to leave their houses open all night, with the lights full on. This will save the looters all trouble.

• • •

Many German officers, says a correspondent, wear coats of mail under their uniforms. Our men must see that they get it "in the neck."

• • •

None of the German helmets captured will fit the average Briton. Is only the Kaiser suffering from swelled head?

• • •

Antwerp may be, as the *Times* declares, an empty shell, but the inhabitants will find it contains a German "yoke."

• • •

Tradesmen whose windows are too brightly illuminated may expect heavy fines, though it is only a light offence.

A wise precaution! Insure against Air Raids. Our Free Insurance Coupon is on page

FINAL COUPON THIS WEEK.—ENTER NOW.

THE BIGGEST FOOTBALL PRIZE OFFER Made by any Paper

£1,000 once again

£125 MUST BE WON.

FOR AN ALL-CORRECT COUPON.

The final coupon in the present Football Contest appears this week. It is your last chance We offer the huge sum of £1,000 for an all-correct coupon with a £100 must-be-won cash prize. In addition a special extra £25 prize will be awarded for the best Mauve coupon taken from *Mary Bull*.

No goals are required. Home and Away wins and Draws only are wanted. Send as many coupons as you like. Scottish readers may enter.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

is to forecast the results of the League games, to be played on Saturday, October 31st, given on the entrance form on page 2 of our cover. Note the special method of marking your forecasts, as explained on the coupon.

£1,000 FOR ALL-CORRECT COUPON.

The sum of £1,000 will be paid to the competitor sending in an entrance form containing correct forecasts of all the matches given, played to a finish.

COUPON and Rules on PAGE 2 of COVER.

Should no entrance form be received giving the whole of the correct results, **£100** will be paid to the competitor sending in the most correct forecasts, even if only 8 or 10.

£25 "MAUVE" COUPON PRIZE.

In addition we shall pay an extra £25 cash prize for the most correct forecast sent on a "Mary Bull" mauve coupon.

By using a **mauve** coupon, you have the opportunity of winning not only the £1,000 or the £100, but an **extra £25.** Thus in any event

£125 MUST BE WON.

Should a mauve coupon win, or share the £1,000 or £100, the £25 will be awarded to the sender of the **next** best mauve coupon. The final mauve coupon will be found in this week's "Mary Bull" on sale Friday, October 23rd.

Address "John Bull," 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Mark envelops "Football Contest No. 5."

The closing date is Friday, October 30th.

SEND YOUR ENTRIES NOW. CLOSES FRIDAY, OCTOBER 30th.

PITY THE POOR EDITOR

A GEM FROM OUR LETTER BAG.

"I have in mind a plan that I think will be useful. I read in Daily Papers that Germany threatens to send down Bombs from Airships, Zeppelins, etc. We must counteract this. I believe my plan is feasible, *because I read that our guns cannot aim so high.* There is one point I see is DIFFICULT but the cleverest of our aerial engineers might overcome that. So I propose to come down to JOHN BULL Offices and explain it to you and then you must manage to give the plan *yourself* into the hands of Chief Aerial Engineer belonging to the Government. I only know one person that I would trust with my plan —and he is not in England now."

"Could you tell me anything to improve my bust, for I am too flat chested, hoping to see it in your paper."

"I have been a regular reader of you Paper what is the age that a boy can set his Parents at defiance I have a boy 17 years old has started keeping is wage, he his working on a farm and the other boys keep saying I have nothing no more to do with him. Can I compele him to lefve is place and work near home. What is age of girls can Leves home."

"As I am a regular reader of your paper JOHN BULL, I should be extremely obliged if you could kindly give me the following information:—At one time, Salmon Fishing (in the River SEVERN) was commenced upon in January: afterwards the month for commencing was altered to February. *In what year was it altered from January to FEBRUARY?* I may say I have enquired of the local papers, but cannot get the exact information required. I should be glad if you could furnish me with the above in your next issue."

"DR SIR,—Will you please Cancelled and take no notice of it which of I hope you received. Please Cancelled by all means."

Racing Notes.

Up till the end there was very little life about the Cesarewitch market, and the victory of the rank outsider, Troubadour, did not bring nearly so much grist to the bookmakers' mill as it would have done in normal years.

As regards the Cambridgeshire,

JARNAC II.

ran excellently at Newmarket last week, and continues to do well in his work; and we reiterate the opinion that whatever beats him will win. We will, however, deal more fully with the race next week.

This week's racing is not of great importance.

At Gatwick to-day (Wednesday) CHAPEL BRAMPTON, unlucky at Newmarket, ought to win the County Nursery. MINEHEAD, who will do better now that the going is good, should be worth support in the Charlwood Handicap, and ALDINGA may take the Surrey Plate.

At Sandown on Thursday HAPSBURG* in the Foal Stakes should prove the best thing of the week. NEVILLE HOLT looks good business for the Temple Handicap, as does SIR GEORGE for the Orleans Nursery. MOFAT and BUNCH-OF-KEYS are also "expected." On Friday TOURNAMENT, who ran really well on making his first appearance in the Middle Park Plate, should beat the moderate lot that can oppose him in the Hook T.Y.O. Plate. The Wheatsheaf Handicap should be won by CHANCELLOR II.; the Trafalgar Selling Nursery by Miss SHE WOLF, and the Great Sapling Plate by RUSHFORD.

At Stockton on Saturday MATCHLESS MAUD ought to win the Blytheholme Nursery, and GULP the Faceby Handicap.

Readers desiring a razor of the highest class—either of the safety or ordinary variety, cannot do better than obtain one of those manufactured by the Wilkinson Sword Company. Being made out of the same kind of steel as is utilised for the weapons with which the company supply our soldiers, they may be relied upon to be of the best. They are offered at various prices, and are really remarkable value, when their quality is taken into consideration.

FOR DARK EVENINGS

"BULLETS" THE BEST AND BRIGHTEST COMPETITION.

1st Prize **£250** **1st Prize**

£250 1st Prize.

TEN WAR PRIZES OF £20 each

100 Prizes of 10/-

10 Prizes of £2 10 | **1,000 Handsome Prizes** | **200 Prizes of 5/-**

Bullets can be constructed only from any of these 30 Examples.

THE PRUSSIAN EAGLE
TURNING BACK
THE SPY PERIL
RAPID DEPARTURE
CANNOT BE IGNORED
GERMAN WAITERS
FOX AND GEESE
INCREASED TAXES
CROWNS THE ROAD
PARIS HEADLESS
LIGHTS OUT
WHEN WIFE RULES
SURPRISE PACKET
THE NEW LODGER
THIRSTY WORK
SERVED UP HOT
DAY TRIP
MY GREAT REGRET
A SIMPLE SUBJECT
WAGING AGAIN
A PRIZE PIG
GRASPING THE SITUATION
LOOKING UP
WITHIN OUR GATES
FUTURE OCCUPATION
NEVER TROUBLED EVE
CHANGING THE GENERAL
WITHOUT PERMISSION
CONCEALING THE TRUTH
A RANK GROWTH

BEST PRIZE OFFER OF ANY PAPER

Closing date, Thursday, October 29th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(108) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page iii of cover.

Signed .....

Address .....

A Sixpenny Entry Fee Must Accompany this Coupon.

Not more than three words may be used to construct a Bullet.
This week's Bullets Coupons will also be found in "Mar. Bull," dated October 31st.

Closing date, Thursday, October 29th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(108) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page iii of cover

Signed .....

Address .....

A Sixpenny Entry Fee Must Accompany this Coupon.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS NO. 108," "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.
Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of Envelope.

FOR RESULT OF COMPETITION 105
See Page Opposite.

HOW TO MAKE BULLETS.

First choose any of our thirty examples. Then give two words or three words having some bearing on the example chosen. The FIRST AND LAST word selected MUST begin with ANY OF THE LETTERS in the example chosen. If three words are selected any word can be used as the middle word.

For instance, if you take the example, "RAPID DEPARTURE" and take the letters "D" and "R," using the word "Unpleasant" as the middle word, you can make the Bullet, "DENOTES UNPLEASANT RECEPTION."

From the example, "WITHOUT PERMISSION," the Bullet "USUALLY SWEETEST," can be formed. Again, if you choose the example, "CONCEALING THE TRUTH," using the letter "I" as initial for both the first and last word, you can make the Bullet, "INEBRIATE FINDS IMPOSSIBLE."

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. But if both coupons are used an entry fee of one shilling must be sent.

The ink will not run if the coupon is slightly warmed before being used.

RESULT OF THIS COMPETITION WILL BE FOUND IN OUR ISSUE DATED NOVEMBER 14th, 1914.

RESULT OF 105TH BULLETS COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:—

Mrs. MARIA LAIDLAW,
145, St. Leonard's Street,
Edinburgh.

Example:—THINKING OF HOME.
Bullet:—TOMMY MISSES "FIRE."

10 WAR PRIZES OF £20 EACH:

Mr. JAS. A. WITHINGTON, 5, West Walpole St., South Shields: THE GOOSE STEP—PREVENTS KNEES SHAKING.
Mr. FRED MACKRIDGE, 10, Collins Avenue, Norton, Stockton-on-Tees: SEARCHING OPERATIONS—HUNS—FOR EXCUSES.
Mr. E. RAWSON, 22, Lower Dale Road, Derby: A COUNTER ATTACK—OFFERING WAITER SOUGH-DROP.
Mr. DAVID G. ARTHUR, 39, Dudley Drive, Hyndland, Glasgow,: WASTING POWDER—"ENGAGEMENT" AFTER DARK.
Mr. J. BLACKMAN, 2, Barden Road, Eastbourne: SEARCHING OPERATIONS—HAVING "BOSH" BOUND.
Mr R. H. WILSON, 10, Vicarage Road, Chelmsford: WHAT TOMMY SAYS—SURPRISES TOMMY MOST.
Mrs. J. PARKER, 79, Seymour Road, East Ham, London, E.: SOLDIER'S STORY—ENDS—I REMAIN.
Mr. C. F. T. SEXTON, 42, Church Drive, Carrington, Notts.: BARBAROUS CHARGES—GREET STAGE HERO.
Mr. JOHN O. WEBBER, 5, Brunswick St., St. Thomas, Exeter: MAKING SLOW PROGRESS—WORDS IN ANTHEM.
Mr. FRANK D. BEARE, 46, Winchester Street, Andover: AMAZING EXPLOIT—ZOUAVE SPLITS TROUSERS.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH.

Mr. HENRY WISEMAN, Avon Royd, Hoole Road, Chester: WHAT TOMMY SAYS—"ACTION" SETTLES "SLANDER."
Mr. WALTER WILSON, 85, St. Michael's Road, Aldershot: IN THE KITCHEN—"HELP" OFTEN HINDERS.
Mrs. LOUISE CARTER, 14, Seven Sisters Road, Holloway, London, N.: THINKING OF HOME—TRYS STOPPING HICCOUGHS.
Mr. W. J. WOODS, Terrington St. John., Wisbech. WORTH WAITING FOR—NEXT BERNHARDI TREATISE.
Miss MABIE SHANE, 57, Hazelbury Crescent, Luton, Beds.: WHAT TOMMY SAYS—"METAL" WINS WARS.
Mr. A. OXLEY, Far Dean, Kirkburton, Huddersfield: A SWEET THING—SISTER'S OPINION SELDOM.
Mr. W. M. BAILEY, The Briars, Willcott Road, Acton, London: WHAT TOMMY SAYS—MAKES CENSOR SMILE.
Miss A. STEWART, 7, Marquis Street, Bridgeton, Glasgow: MAKING SLOW PROGRESS—AMATEUR QUICK-CHANGE ARTISTE.
Mrs. ISABEL HAYNES, 30, Thorncliffe Rd., Barrow-in-Furness: BENEATH THE SURFACE—SOUNDS "ALL UP."
Mr. VICTOR SPEARMAN, Shenstone, Lichfield, Staffs.: SOLDIER'S STORY—OBTAINS "CURRENCY" OFTEN.

100 PRIZE WINNERS OF 10s. EACH.

ALDRIDGE, C. H. N., 86, Rochester Street, Chatham, Kent.
ARTHUR, A. (Rev.), St. Patrick's, Wapping, E.
BAIN, J., St. Bergham's Road, Milliken Park, Renfrewshire.
BENNETT, C. W. (Rev), The Vicarage, Nether Hoyland, Barnsley, Yorks.
BRETT, H. R., 28, Papillon Road, Colchester, Essex.
BRIDGES, E., Park Farm Cottages, Wiggington, Tring, Herts.
BROWN, W. R., Blacknell, Crewkerne, Somerset.
BROWN, G. A., 118, Monton Road, Eccles, Lancashire.
BRYAN, F., 10, Hayes Place, Bath.
BURDETT, G., 146, Ber Street, Norwich.
CARTER, J., 86, Cambridge Street, Leicester.
CARY, F., 16, Clyde Street, Grimsby.
CLARE, A., 99, Vienna Road, Edgeley, Stockport
CLARKE, M. (Miss), Bradden Tor Lodge, Torquay.
CLAXTON, T. (Pte.), C. Coy. 6th B.N.R. North Walsham, Norfolk.
CLUBE, J. V., 3, Infirmary Road, Dublin.
CONSTANCE, L. (Miss), 72, Clarence Road, KentishTown, N.W.
COOKE, T. H., 24, Bryngwyn Road, Abertillery.
COULSON, J. (Mrs.), 20, Hornby Street, Wigan.
CROUCHER, J., 170, St. Augustine Road, East Southsea, Portsmouth.
CROXALL, A. J., Pianist, Picturedrome, Lancaster.
DARQUE, B. (Pte.), 4th D.L.I. F Coy., 23rd Platoon, Skating Rink, Wallsend-on-Tyne.
DAVISON, E., 35, Manor Road, Leyton, Essex.
DOWNEY, F., 135, North Road, Plymouth.
DUNN, F., c.o. Golightly's Cafe, Barnard Castle.
FOX, H., Bank House, 331, Hunslet Road, Leeds.
FRENCH, G., 3, Charlotte Street, Hull.
GALLOWAY, A. E., 12, Birchwood Rd., Tooting Common, S.W.
GOSELYN, S., 9, Chancellor Road, Southend-on-Sea.
GOTHARD, A., 326, Leeds Road, Dewsbury.
GREEN, J. (Mrs.), Lime Avenue, Huthwaite, Mansfield.
GULLEY, J., 26, Grasmere Road, Muswell Hill, N.
HADDEN, R., Room 19, G.P.O., Aberdeen.
HALFORD (Mrs.), 61, Derby Road, Uttoxeter.
HALLETT, S. S., 43, Escott Road, Swindon.
HARRINGTON, J., 3, Guilford Crescent, Cardiff.
HEATON, F. G., 21, Coburg Buildings, Westminster, S.W.
HILL, W. H., 22, Woodbeck, Retford.
HOLLIDAY, F. C., 101, High Street, Sutton, Surrey.
HORWOOD, C., 122, Bridport Place, Hoxton, N.
HUDSON, S., 44, Westbourne Gardens, Hove, Brighton.
HUNTER, W. S., Dunphail, Craigie Road, Perth.
HUTCHINSON, H., 3, Bolton Street, Ramsbottom, Lancs.
HOWELL, J. H., 15, Pembroke Street, Seedley, Manchester.
JAMISON, J., 2, Old Smithhills, Paisley, N.B.
JAMES, P. H., Metz, Youghal, Ireland.
JENKINS, E., 6, Magdala Road, Gloucester.
JOHNSTON, D. M., 29, Baird Street, Govan, Glasgow.
KELLAS, C., 46, Claremont Street, Aberdeen, N.B.
LACEY, H. C., 55, Ely Street, Stratford-on-Avon.
LASCELLES, A., 37, Grange Road West, Jarrow-on-Tyne.
LEA, W. E., 62, Stapleton Road, Bristol.
LELLO, S. G., 61, Claude Street, Shrewsbury.
MACINTOSH, J., 23, Argyle Street, Glasgow.
MADLEY, A., 103, Clarendon Road, Holland Park, W.
MALONE, A., 105, Ann Street, Belfast.
MARLOW, L. (Miss), Box Office, The Palladium, Oxford Circus, London. W.
MEADOWS, H., 25, York Street, Dover, Kent.
MILES, R., 5, Alfred St., Colebrooke Row, Islington, N.
MOFFAT, J., 36, Corporation Street, Birmingham.
MONAHAN, M. (Miss), 5, St. Benedicts Gardens, N.C.Rd., Dublin.
MORLEY, J. W., 61, Calshaw Street, Burnley, Lancs.
MYLES, S. A. (Mrs.), 95, Mackenzie Road, Beckenham, Kent.
MEADEN. A. (Mrs.), 41, De Montfort Road, Brighton.
MARTIN, E. M., The Cottage, Wargrave's Wells, Grayshott, Hants
NICHOLSON, C., 117, Patrick Street, Cork.
O'CONNELL, C., R.N. Naval Air Station, Fawley, Hants.
OSMOND, C., 7, Bay View Terrace, St. Thomas, Swansea.
PALMER, A. (Mrs.), 294, Princes Road, Stoke-on-Trent.
PARKER, T. B., c.o. J. S. Fry and Sons, Ltd., Bristol.
PEACE, C., 40, Aizlewood Road, Sheffield.
PHILP, P. S., 16, Maygate, Dunfermline.

JOHN BULL
No 8040
London October 20th 1914
THE LONDON CITY & MIDLAND BANK LIMITED
COVENT GARDEN BRANCH 20 BOW STREET W.C.
Pay to C. Walkes Green
Two Hundred & Fifty Pounds
£250 0 0

The original of the above cheque will be on view at the "Messenger" Office, Bromsgrove, from Thursday October 22.

A reproduction of the cheque will be shown daily on the screen at the Playhouse Electric Theatre, Bromsgrove.

POWELL, J. W., 7, Manor Street, Nottingham
PETERS, W., 85, High St., Haddington Scotland.
PRITCHARD, R. E., Kingsland House, Holyhead.
RAVEN, C., High St., Willingham, Cambs.
ROBINSON, CLARA B., 59, Knowles Street, Rishton.
ROBINSON, A. H., 27, Bengarth Road, Southport.
ROBINSON, G., 4, Cross Green Avenue, Easy Road, Leeds.
ROLLEY, H., 257, Lansdowne Road, Birkenhead.
SCOTT-MULLER, A., T. S. "Willesley," Tynemouth Palace, Tynemouth
SHARRARD, B., Sharrard Rd., Intake, Sheffield.
SIER, H. A., Manager, The Albany Hotel, Bradford, Yorks.
STOKES, F., 37, Mawson Road, Cambridge.
TAYLOR, W., 1, Elm Street, Bury, Lancs.
THOMSON, A., H.M.T. No. 8036, c.o. Divisional Naval Transport Officer, Southampton.
THORBURN (Mrs.), 20th Hussars, North Marine Cafe, Scarborough.
TOWNLEY, R., 83, Veal Hall Street, Preston
TURNER, A. S., 34, Beech Lane, Macclesfield.
TURNER, W. M. (Mrs.), 17, Ombersley Street, Droitwich.
THOM, A., c.o. Mure, 175G, Dundyvan Road, Coatbridge, N.B.
WAINWRIGHT, C., 8, Clarence Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.
WATTS, P. M., 97, Blenheim Crescent, Notting Hill, W.
WEAVER, J., 233, New Chester Road, New Ferry, Cheshire.
WHITE, F. E., Woolverston, Westbourne Road, Luton, Beds.
WHITEFIELD, G. S., 92, Derby Road, Withington, Manchester.
WILLIAMS, H., 51, Brunton Str., Darlington.
WISEMAN, A. R., 1, Little Park, Enfield.
WOOLRICH, J., Liszt House, Eakring Road, Mansfield.
WRIGHT, A. (Mrs.), Verside, Park Street, St. Albans.

Selection from 200 Prize-Winners of 5s. each.

RADFORD, E. J., 130, Minard Road, Hither Green, S.E.
READ, C. B., 24, Calais Gate, Camberwell, London, S.E.
REED, J. J., Market Place, Brampton, Cumberland.
REEVES, G., 54, Marlboro' Road, Newport, Mon.
RANDALL, P. E., 23, Ashwin Road, Handsworth, Birmingham.
RICKETTS, A. A., 217, Winchester Road, Hale End, Chingford, Essex.
ROBERTS, LILLIAN, 8, Rock Street, Higher Broughton, Manchester.
RONEY, K. (Miss), c.o. Waldee, 9, Atholl Crescent Lane, Edinburgh.
ROSEBY, A. (Mrs.), Whitehaven Road, Workington, Cumberland.
ROWLEY, E., York Road, Church Gresley, near Burton-on-Trent.
RAY, T., 27, Albert Road, Peckham.
SADLER, W. G., New Cut East, Ipswich.
SANDERSON, D., 40, Edwin Street, Houghton le-Spring, Durham.
SURTEES, I. (Mrs.), 35, Patterdale Terrace Gateshead-on-Tyne.
SCOTT, W. (Pte.), 1,799, B. Coy. 9th Royal Scots, Bruntsfield School. Edinburgh.
SCOTT, R. W., Levedale, Dunston, near Stafford.
SHEPHEARD, R., Dunmow, E. Sheen, S.W.,
SHERGOLD, S., Cotehele, St. Dominick, Cornwall.
SHORE, H. O., Black Bourton, Clanfield, Oxon.
SOLLOWAY, W., 14, Woodland Terrace, Cwmtillery, Mon.

"BULLETS" RULES (*which must be strictly adhered to*).

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. A careful study of the winning efforts from week to week will also indicate the standard of merit to be attained. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons on page 28, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. Both coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses, and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons.
4. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner, or have portions of another coupon pasted upon them.
5. Entries must reach us not later than the first post on the morning of Thursday, October 29th
6. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified Judges.
7. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

No element of chance enters into the adjudication of our "Bullets" Competition. Every coupon is judged by TWO DIFFERENT Members of our special staff of Adjudicators, who have been elected by reason of their high qualification for this work. This staff put aside all coupons which they considered sufficiently meritorious to qualify for a prize. So that before any coupon is rejected, TWO DIFFERENT Judges have to decide that it is not of sufficient merit to receive a prize. Then, all coupons selected are considered by the Competition Editor in consultation with the Judges. In this manner the coupons are reduced in number to correspond with the total number of prizes to be awarded. The Competition Editor, again in consultation with the Judges, next selects all the lines of outstanding merit. These are placed before the Editor, who, after consultation, decides finally the order of merit. This system of judging keeps a large staff of Adjudicators continually occupied the whole of the week—so thoroughly is the work done. We would point out that, by this system of judging, no award is decided arbitrarily by one mind. It is only after a line has been considered sufficiently meritorious by a BODY OF JUDGES IN CONSULTATION, all of whom are specially qualified for the work, that it can receive a cash or any other prize. As regards the principal prizes, the coupons of outstanding merit are considered many times by the Editor, and also by the Competition Editor and the adjudication staff in consultation, before the final awards are made. In a sentence, ALL coupons are read and considered and re-read and re-considered by a specially selected staff of highly-qualified Adjudicators, under the general supervision of an experienced Competition Expert—and in consultation with the Editor. That is why "Bullets" constitute a genuine skill contest, free from any and every element of arbitrary decision or of chance selection.

Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-Winners in the above Competition can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

Why should the Kaiser forbid your Banns?

Have a War wedding, and start your married life in the very home you have both set your hearts on. You can get it without touching a penny of your savings, if you go to the "Midland" for your furniture. For at the "Midland" you still have the choice of over £100,000 worth of superb furniture **on the famous Midland Ideal Terms.**

Write to-day for the "Midland" Book of Furniture

and you will see that the "Midland" prices and terms give you the utmost possible value for every shilling. The "Midland" Book contains over 1,000 photographs actually taken inside the "Midland" Salons. Write for it to-day.

Free Life and Fire Insurance

The "Midland" charge nothing for credit—no interest, no deposit—nothing beyond the plainly marked prices on each article.

Customers can also obtain free insurance policies whereby **all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms becomes the absolute property of the wife** in the event of the death of the purchaser. **All furniture thus purchased is also insured against fire free.**

Ideal Terms.
Town or Country.

Worth		Per Month.
£10	...	£0 6 0
£20	...	0 11 0
£30	...	0 17 0
£40	...	1 5 0
£50	...	1 8 0
£100	...	2 5 0
£200	...	4 10 0
£500	...	11 5 0

Larger amounts pro rata.

Country Orders.

All goods carefully packed free of charge, and forwarded carriage paid.

10% Discount for Cash.

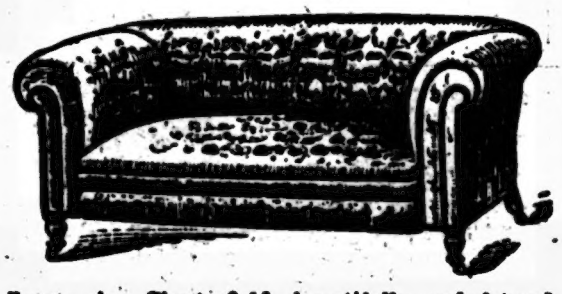
An exceedingly comfortable Easy Chair, double sprung, sumptuously upholstered and covered in art tapestry to customer's choice. An exceptional bargain at £2 15s. 0d.

A most artistic Oak Dresser, beautifully designed on Queen Anne lines, with 2 drawers and 2 cupboards. Exceptional value, £5 15s. 0d.

A charming Bedroom Suite of quaint design, soundly constructed of well-seasoned oak, finished a rich antique brown. The suite comprises a commodious Wardrobe, handsome Dressing-table with bevelled mirror, and a marble topped Washstand. Complete with two rush-seated Chairs, £8 18s. 6d.

Rail Fares Paid.

If you live outside London, your fare up to London will be refunded to you on all purchases amounting to £20 or over.



Large size Chesterfield, beautifully upholstered and covered in tapestry to customer's choice. With or without drop end. £4 14s. 6d.

Midland

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies.

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W.C.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station.
1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 8. Saturdays—9 till 1.

Governing Director, **GEORGE MICHAEL** *(who has been associated with the business for 40 years).*

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